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The Week

THE war in Ethiopia has reached the stage, familiar to those whose memories go back to 1914-18, when communiqués from the opposing armies wildly contradict one another. Thus on Sunday, January 26, both sides claimed a crushing victory. Whatever may be the facts in this case it is obvious that Italy is not winning the prompt and easy victory that most of the world expected. This situation, plus the ever growing reports of unrest in Italy itself, lends support to the stories which come from several European capitals that a new peace plan is being hammered out by France and England. In the first of these two countries, the long expected fall of the Laval government has at last taken place. The new premier is Alfred Sarraut, of the Radical Socialists; his government is intended only as a stop-gap until the general French there is a patent attempt to postpone the question of an oil embargo against Italy as long as possible in the hope that something may turn up. The League has compromised the Danzig question by patting everyone on the head and is struggling with the break between Uruguay and Soviet Russia. Another settlement of the Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay has been effected, not by the League but by the American countries, and this time there is hope that it may be permanent. In London the naval conference drags along, following the departure of Japan. The British, who have long wanted battleships limited to 25,000 tons, have now consented to 30,000-ton ships; the Americans still want 35,000-ton vessels and both France and Italy are building ships of that size. On the international market the American dollar fell heavily last week on persistent, though apparently unfounded, rumors of inflation, revaluation of silver or both.

AL SMITH, the Happy Warrior, never belied his title more completely than in his speech before the American Liberty League, in which he showed himself not only unhappy but angry to the point of hysterics about the whole course and attitude of the Roosevelt administration. To his charge that the President is a reckless spendthrift, Mr. Roosevelt had made a partial reply twenty-four hours earlier by again vetoing the bonus bill. The House promptly passed the measure over his veto by 324 votes to 61, and only the accident of adjournment caused the Senate to wait until Monday to do the same thing. The long tragi-farce of the Scottsboro case added two chapters to its dismal history. Another Alabama jury found Haywood Patterson guilty, for the fourth time, and sentenced him to seventy-five years' imprisonment, instead of the customary death sentence. In a struggle among three of the defendants and two armed guards who were taking them back to the Birmingham jail, Ozie Powell was shot in the head and dangerously wounded. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor, meeting at Miami, again recorded its opposition to Mr. John L. Lewis' drive for industrial unionism. The machine built by the late Huey Long showed its vitality by a great vic-

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Louisiana's other Senator. A week later Governor Allen died of cerebral hemorrhage. The National Public Housing Conference, meeting in Washington, heard a succession of experts testify that housing for the poor, on a vast scale, is desperately needed, that private enterprise cannot do this work, that the government ought to but that there is no likelihood whatever that it will.

WHILE the Liberty League and the Republicans were claiming the defeat of the Roosevelt administration on the ground that it has spent recklessly, Congress repassed over the President's veto the bill handing out about two billion dollars to the World War Veterans. Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and progressives joined in this action. The chief pressure group behind it, the American Legion, spends most of its spare time denouncing persons of progressive tendencies as Reds, Communists or Socialists, while it sticks its hand into Uncle Sam's pocket. Venal patrioteering could hardly go further. What explains this strange phenomenon? A lot of veterans need the money. If everybody could make a decent living, it would be possible to carry on a much more effective struggle against exploitation of the country on the ground of military service. There is an irrepressible and correct popular appreciation of the fact that if our productive machine functioned properly, everybody could be comfortable, and that the chief trouble is lack of popular purchasing power. As long as this is true, Congress cannot be expected to follow the principle of stern rectitude in denying the demands of large and well organized pressure groups. The reactionaries themselves have, by example, misled the veterans into the grabbing policy. Under better leadership they might demand a reorganization of the economic system that would give everyone enough, without bonuses.

THE fundamental reason for Laval's resignation was the complete failure of his external and internal policies. The new French Cabinet, headed by Albert Sarraut, is more to the left than the previous one, but is not a government of the People's Front. Its chief function is to act as a stop-gap until the general elections in May, which probably will result in a decisive victory for the People's Front. In the meantime, Pierre Flandin's appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs marks a radical change in the French attitude toward the Ethiopian war and the League of Nations, as Flandin is well known to be a friend of the British. Another reassuring change is that Marcel Déat, a member of the People's Front, replaces General Dénain (an intimate of Colonel de la Rocque) as Minister of Aviation. In order to preserve their freedom of action in the coming electoral campaign, the most prominent Radical Socialist leaders are not participating in the government, but it is generally predicted that Sar-

THE most important event in French politics is not the formation of the new Cabinet but the adoption of a program by the People's Front. For the first time in French history, all democratic, progressive and pacifist forces in the country have united and established a list of measures intended to safeguard freedom. The program was drafted and unanimously supported by a committee representing ten of the largest organizations belonging to the People's Front. These organizations comprise the Radical Socialist, Socialist and Communist Parties, the trade unions, and groups of anti-Fascist intellectuals, veterans and pacifists. The document is divided into three sections: Defense of Democratic Liberties, Defense of Peace, Economic Demands. None of the proposed measures is the expression of the full political doctrine of any of the participating groups. The purpose is to attract the French masses to the People's Front by formulating a reasonable solution of the most urgent domestic and foreign problems. A few of the principal items are; nationalization of the Bank of France and the war industries; immediate dissolution of all Fascist organizations; general amnesty; enactment of laws to eliminate "the abominable venality of the Paris press"; appointment of a committee to investigate the situation in the French colonies; extension of social insurance; agricultural price control for the benefit of the small farmers; shortening of the working week without decrease in wages. In view of the persisting war clouds in Europe it is especially interesting to note the paragraph concerning international relations. The People's Front resolutely breaks with the intransigent policy of maintaining the *status quo* and demands the readjustment of existing treaties. The authors of the program insist, however, that this aim must be achieved not by secret diplomacy, but by open discussions in the League of Nations.

THAT famous dinner of the Liberty League not only produced a chicken-pox rash of editorializing throughout the country, but it occasioned some excellent straight reporting. Many newspapermen pointed out that among those present to hear Al Smith were scores of charming ladies who had fought and voted against Al in 1928 and had whispered around the horrifying thought that Mrs. Smith's lack of "gentle breeding" unfitted her to be "the first lady of the land." Here, in their cups, were stalwart gentlemen who eight years ago had vociferously asserted that Al was "just a Tammany politician," too uncouth to be President even if he had the requisite brains and honor. A strong contender for the Pulitzer Prize this year should be the unnamed author of The Washington Post's account of the dinner. Unfortunately, space limitations permit us to give only a few quotations:

> The tall dark woman in the wine-red dress lurched into the press table, leaned her ermine muff down in

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"Boys, I hate the New Deal as much as you do and I came all the way down from Philly to say so!"

An attendant whisked her away. . . .

Jammed elbow to elbow, tail-coat to tail-coat, fluttery bouffant dress to sleek black velvet dress, the tables set so closely together in the main ballroom that the ushers could scarcely wiggle between, anti-New Dealers, Democrats and Republicans alike, gathered. . . .

"Twelve du Ponts down there!" muttered a man at the press table. "They're tossing a nice party!"

A man at the shoe-shine stand, wagging his Buffalo-Bill beard solemnly, shouted at the shoe-shine boy:

"Shine 'em up, son! I gotta look purty to hear Ole Al!"

A table crashed over as waiters staggered into a door. . . .

Smith . . . was what the crowd had waited for—what they demanded. Entirely in his hands, following every abruptly snapped gesture like the gesture of a prophet, bare heads collectively gazed at the ceiling when he pointed to the chandeliers and spoke of "an Almighty Power above," or slipped to and fro, as he crouched, snarled and growled against the man he once urged to run for Governor of New York—never referring to the President once by name.

Smith used words like "ain't." He bellowed, his face red. He said "foist" and "goil" and "erl," for first, girl and oil. Every point he made was greeted with applause that shook the ballroom. Suddenly, the audience still wholly his, he finished, shouting defiance to Moscow, and allegiance to the flag of the United States.

The happy crowd, in the pandemonium of relaxation from strain, jammed out of the mirrored doors and past the cocktail room, where the band was playing:

"Oh, the music goes 'round and around,
"Oh-ho-oh-ho, ho-oh!
"And it comes out here!"

NEW YORK CITY is now being treated to one of those Hearst-inspired flurries of Red-baiting that might be looked upon as refined farce were it not for the very genuine threat to civil liberties involved. District Attorney William C. Dodge, who was superseded by a special prosecutor in the racket inquiry now being conducted in New York, has resurrected the criminal-anarchy law of 1902 and has started a special investigation of the activities of Clarence Hathaway, editor of The Daily Worker, and of officials of The Jewish Morning Freiheit and the Workers' Library Publishers. An assistant to Mr. Dodge has admitted that the investigation has been in progress for the past six months, and the city sleuths have a smart idea that there is some connection between The Daily Worker and the Communist Party. One is forced to class this discovery as something less than epoch-making, in view of the fact that every day in the year The Daily Worker carries on its page-one masthead in bold-faced type the line, "Central Organ Communist Party U.S.A. (Section of Communist International)." What Mr. Dodge and his Hearstlings overlook is the fact that the Communist Party is a legal organization in New York State [illegible] make an exhaustive inquiry into Dr. Robinson's attitude. The latest development in this procedure is in the official status of an investigation of a complaint to the District Attorney's office, with one man, Mr. Hathaway, called for preliminary questioning but as yet no formal hearings before a grand jury and no request for an indictment. When asked about the identity of the original complainant, Assistant District Attorney Neary coyly refused to affirm or deny a Hearst source. As the reporters questioned Mr. Neary he asked significantly, "Where is the Journal man? Is the Journal man around? . . . Be sure to give this to the Journal man." The Journal is Mr. Hearst's evening newspaper in New York City.

ONE of the more promising ventures of the Federal Theatre Project in New York City—"The Living Newspaper"—ran into censorship trouble last week when W. P. A. officials ruled that its first production, "Ethiopia," could not be performed publicly unless all impersonations of officials of foreign governments were eliminated. In effect, this orders meant that "Ethiopia," a dramatized news account of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, could not be put on at all, since it would have meant cutting out Mussolini, Selassie, Hoare, Laval—in short, all the chief characters of the drama. The reason for this drastic censorship, according to official explanations, was the fear of the State Department that such impersonations, given under federal auspices, might bring protests from abroad. However, it is the contention of Elmer Rice, who was Regional Director of the Theatre Project, that the decision to censor "The Living Newspaper" was prompted largely by two new plays that were in preparation, one dealing with unemployment and the other with conditions in the South. Accordingly, Mr. Rice resigned his post in protest against what he believed to be a deliberate attempt of the government to stifle free expression. The controversy obviously leaves the future of "The Living Newspaper" in considerable doubt. The train of events raises a problem of the first importance: how is freedom for art and speech to be preserved as our society becomes more socialized? Conservatives are using this instance to prove that it cannot, and hence that nothing should be done except by private initiative. We think, on the contrary, that the government made a silly decision. Nothing would be simpler than to announce that in subsidizing the theatre, the government takes no responsibility for its artistic direction or for the ideas expressed, except to see that art has a free field.

ON SEVERAL occasions in recent years we have commented on the actions of Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of City College, New York City. Dr. Robinson has repeatedly come into conflict with the undergraduates on questions of free speech on the campus. Some time ago a special committee of City College alumni was set up to

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ment in favor of Dr. Robinson signed by a number of members of the faculty, the Associate Alumni has endorsed, by a vote of 519 to 217, and sent to the New York City Board of Higher Education, a resolution stating that the president "lacks the human qualities necessary to achieve the widespread confidence of his faculty and his student body." The action taken is the more significant because, as everyone knows, alumni of any institution usually tend to support the administration against the current crop of undergraduates. In view of this repudiation by the alumni, further debate of Dr. Robinson's fitness has little point. Apart from all other issues, a president who cannot retain the confidence of a large and responsible group of the graduates should step aside for someone who can.

THE action of the A.F. of L. Executive Council at Miami explains what the fight within the Federation is all about. The Council decided that the automobile-production workers must belong to one union, leaving the maintenance and repair workers in others. The International Association of Machinists grabbed the workers in automobile-equipment plants. The Council likewise denied the request of the radio workers for their own industrial union, saying that those of them who are qualified must belong to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, other members of which participate in the building, railroad and other industries. What does this mean? It means, on the one hand, that existing unions built on the craft basis get more members and more dues. It means, on the other, that the production workers in automobiles can carry on less effective strikes or collective bargaining, because they cannot act in unison with the essential crafts within their industry but outside their organization. The same is true of the radio workers. Thus the principle of craft unionism benefits old-line officials, but weakens labor's fighting strength. Indeed, the narrowness of the old-line officials sometimes results in their fearing to see more workers organized in the basic industries, lest these workers' demands for industrial unions and an aggressive policy threaten their power.

NOTHING is more fascinating to watch than the vagaries of the popular press. Take for instance The New York Daily Mirror, in which W. R. Hearst has a large though unadmitted interest. The Mirror hasn't been doing well, so some time ago Arthur Brisbane, the aged and weary $265,000-a-year columnist of the Hearst press, was assigned to the job of livening it up. Can any bright boy or girl in the back row tell what was Mr. Brisbane's arresting idea to get circulation? Right: Mr. Brisbane started a campaign in favor of love. "Why don't you get married?" he said every day to Mirror readers, most of whom probably can't even afford to live singly nowadays, to say nothing of

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aside and one of Mr. Hearst's two-fisted Coming Men was put in charge, very young and very hustling. And guess what *he* thought of? The oldest, dreariest, most familiar of all newspaper campaigns: Safety First. We forget whether Mr. Hearst has a hundred employees who get $30,000 a year each, or thirty who get $100,000; maybe it's both. At any rate, here is a sample of the journalistic abilities of two of the brightest of them, in the years 1935 and 1936. It's enough to make the angels sniffle.

Al Smith's Speech

I: The Top Hat in the Ring

AL SMITH has done the nation a service by leading the conservative Democrats, who stand on the platform of liberty for millionaires, into the camp of like-minded Republicans. The du Ponts, the John W. Davises and the Raskobs obviously belong together, with the rest of the richest and most reactionary Americans who pay the bills of the Liberty League and who jubilantly crowded the Mayflower Hotel ballroom in Washington to hear him speak. We regret only that Al intends to remain a Democrat in label and renounces political ambition. A perfect ticket in the next election would be Smith and Hoover, leading a new Conservative Party. Then if the rank-and-file Democrats and Republicans would also unite to oppose it, under another party name, there would at last be some sense in American politics. It is a division The New Republic has been advocating for years.

The speech that Al Smith made deserves little comment. Its style was in his best stump-speech manner; its content was old stuff. It is exactly what less skillful reactionaries have been trying to get across to the country for a long time, and the answers are as well known as the charges.

Of course it was easy to prove that the administration had not lived up to many of the promises in the Democratic platform. It has not cut down governmental expense, balanced the budget or taken the government out of business. Before the 1932 election, The New Republic pointed out that it could not and would not do these things if it was to serve the needs of the country. The platform was cock-eyed. So inconsistent was it, and so confused was Mr. Roosevelt's tendency, that this paper advised its readers to vote for one of the left-wing parties.

The great middle class, said Mr. Smith, will have to pay the bill for the big government deficits that have been piled up. The rich haven't enough money to pay it, because there are not enough of them, and the poor can't, because they haven't any money. Barring slight exaggeration, that is true. But who has paid the bill for depression that the policies of

come, Al, you didn't use to say things that were so easy to answer. Everybody pays, either in taxes or in poverty or both, for the clumsy failures of a capitalist society—but your friends of the Liberty League manage to get along better than most of us, so much better, in fact, that they are perfectly satisfied to keep the old order, and let the unemployed starve. And, to tell the truth, so do you. Your "opportunity," for which you are so grateful and of which you have made so much, looks now extraordinarily like an opportunity to sell out your old humble followers.

What about Al's charge that the Democrats have stolen the Socialists' clothes and have acted more on the basis of the Socialist platform than their own? Well, let's look at the record.

Al's brilliant idea of "returning the government to the people" is to allow a conservative majority of the Supreme Court Justices, who are never elected and cannot be removed by popular vote, to forbid the elected President and the elected representatives of the people in Congress doing anything that the tortured construction of these Justices declares is not in accord with the Constitution. Al says the straightforward way is not to try to get around the Court but to amend the Constitution. Very well, Al, what amendment do you propose? None, of course.

Al Smith doesn't like setting class against class. He admits there are classes, but he echoes the great Mellon doctrine that the way to benefit the poor is to increase the wealth of the rich. Mellon, Coolidge and Hoover tried that, and 1929 was the result. In view of the subsequent events, we submit that Al's formula is the best way in the world to sharpen antagonism between the poor and the rich. We know of no better evidence of the existence of the class struggle than the list of contributors to the Liberty League.

That's about all there is in the speech. What is not in it is a program. Oh, yes, Al wants to balance the budget and obey the Supreme Court and respect "states' rights." But how? Cut off relief and do nothing for the farmers? Let private enterprise play ducks and drakes with us again? Al has not contributed a single idea to the sterile propaganda of the reactionaries.

Of course Al Smith will never see this comment. He himself has said that he does not read anything. We will let you into a secret. Al Smith always got his ideas from other people; his skill as a politician lies in translating into forceful popular language whatever material is fed to him. When he was, as Governor of New York, a progressive statesman, the material came from a remarkable woman, Mrs. Henry Moscowitz. But Al moved on into corporation officialdom, and Mrs. Moscowitz died. Now he gets his stuff from hirelings of the Liberty League. It is a great personal tragedy. But it explains how a man of conscience and sincerity, a man whose simple nature accepts what those who

II: Let's Look at the Record

The high point of Al Smith's speech, to judge by the opinion of sympathetic commentators, was his charge that the Roosevelt administration is following a policy of communism or socialism (Smith evidently believes they are identical). Get the 1932 platforms of the Democratic and Socialist Parties, he told his hearers. Scratch out the names, lay them both on your dining-room table side by side, and see which one more nearly squares with the record of the present administration. "You will have your hand on the Socialist platform; you would not dare touch the Democratic platform."

Well, to quote a phrase made familiar by a famous American friend of the common man, who disappeared some years ago, let's look at the record:

The Socialist platform in 1932 advocated the socialization of mines, forests, oil and power, transportation and all other basic industries.

These resources and industries are still in private hands.

The Socialist platform demanded government ownership and operation of the credit and currency system, beginning with acquisition of the Federal Reserve Banks and extension of the Postal Savings Banks to do all types of banking business.

The country's banking system is still privately owned.

The Socialist platform demanded the immediate expenditure of five billion dollars for public works and roads, reforestation, housing, etc.

The Roosevelt administration has done practically nothing to rehouse the poor. Its total expenditures under the P.W.A. have averaged only $1,200,000,000 annually, of which only a small part has gone for the purposes the Socialists demanded.

The Socialist platform demanded that the government put all the unemployed to work immediately producing food, fuel, clothing and houses primarily for their own use.

The Roosevelt administration made an extremely timid beginning in this direction and stopped it at once when private industries complained.

The Socialist platform demanded the six-hour day and the five-day week without reduction of wages.

The nearest the Roosevelt administration ever came to this was the forty-hour week established temporarily in some industries under the N.R.A.

The Socialist platform asked for sharply increased inheritance and income taxes.

The Roosevelt administration has not done this, nor even suggested it on anything like the scale the Socialists desired.

The Socialist platform demanded drastic reduction of armament, by agreement if possible, by the United States alone if necessary.

The Roosevelt administration is spending one billion dollars a year on the army and navy and is

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The Socialist platform demanded that we give up extraterritoriality in China.

The Roosevelt administration has relinquished no rights in the Far East, despite the danger of war with Japan that our attitude creates.

Space does not permit us to continue this examination. Anyone who cares to consult the Socialist platform of 1932 will observe that there are sixteen other planks not one of which has been put into effect by the Roosevelt administration. If Al Smith has read the Socialist platform, he is guilty of an outrageous example of deliberate prevarication in the most important public speech of his whole career. If he has not read the platform, his prevarication is of another sort but no less serious.

The only quarrel The New Republic has with the Roosevelt administration is the exact opposite of Al Smith's. We regret that his charge is not true. If Mr. Roosevelt had lived up to the Socialist platform, the country would be far better off than it is today.

Another War for Democracy

A SURPRISINGLY large number of Americans are now proposing that this country should go to war, including many persons who are ordinarily reckoned in the pacifist ranks. We do not refer to those who advocate membership in the League and full participation in sanctions, a development that might easily embroil us. We are speaking of those who say simply that the world is now divided into the fascist and the democratic nations. Not only are the fascist governments making life miserable for their own people, but they are threatening to attack some, at least, of the democratic countries. It would be well, therefore, for the democratic powers to strike first and for the United States, which admittedly is in no imminent danger, to participate in this conflict. It is even rumored in Washington that President Roosevelt is sympathetic with this point of view and that this explains the extraordinary truculence with which he attacked the fascist dictators in the first part of his recent Message to Congress.

So far as we can judge, there is no likelihood whatever that the United States will do anything at present to precipitate such a conflict between the democratic and the fascist powers. If another world war broke out—and the conflict envisaged would be another world war—all the old pressures would be brought to bear upon us with a good chance that they would be successful, no matter whether we had a neutrality law, and regardless of its provisions. For the present, however, the mood of the country is violently isolationist. Realistic supporters of the League of Nations agree that there is less chance now than at any other time since 1919 of our joining the League. The country is willing to cooperate with sanctions against Italy because American sym-

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is an accidental by-product of our neutrality policy, owing to the fact that we have practically no trade with Ethiopia. If war were to come tomorrow among any two or more of the major powers, America's first reaction would be a desperate effort to avoid being drawn in on either side.

The amazing thing about the propaganda for a new war to make the world safe for democracy is that it so completely overlooks the lesson of the last one. The dictatorships to which these American idealists are opposed all resulted, directly or indirectly, from that war. The first thing that happens in a modern conflict is that democracy is suspended even in those countries where it previously existed, "for the duration" if not longer. There is a good chance that another general war would finish the job of destroying our Western civilization, a job so well begun by the last one. It is inconceivable that we could come out of such a conflict without a tremendous impairment of such liberties as we now possess.

Another point that would seem obvious is that dictatorships are not destroyed by war, or the threat of war, from without. It is possible that one of the dictator-ridden countries might be brought to its knees in such a conflict: in that case, the existing regime might be overthrown, but with no guarantee that it would not be succeeded by another and perhaps a worse dictatorship. In fact, the threat of war might easily operate to preserve and solidify the power of a dictatorship that was in danger of falling because of its own economic incompetence.

This division of the world into the fascist and the democratic nations is too completely black and white to be true. It is just as realistic to say that the democratic nations are those which have got what they want and are trying to keep it while the fascist powers are still hungry. Substitute those terms, and the noble war for democracy becomes simply a struggle between a group of elderly burglars and another group of young ones. (To be sure, we doubt that the loot has done the elderly group much good, or that the young group is well advised to follow its example.) What do our great-hearted idealists have to say about democratic England's treatment of India, or Egypt, or Kenya? How do they like what the French are doing in their African colonies or in Indo-China? How can they blind themselves to the fact that it was these same democratic powers, and others, that were largely responsible for the coming of Hitler in Germany, through their cruel mistreatment of the German people after 1918?

Perhaps the most naïve aspect of the suggestion that we should encourage a new war is the theory that we could dictate the list of participants on either side. The American advocates of this war assume that the United States, England, France and Russia would unite in fighting Japan, Poland, Germany and Italy. Such is at the moment the alignment of the nations; but who can say that this will

The present Conservative government of Great Britain has already considered seriously an agreement to keep hands off in case Germany and Poland should attack Soviet Russia, which is hated by conservatives in all countries far more bitterly than they hate any fascist regime. Germany is working desperately behind the scenes to bring about an understanding of the same character with France. If the People's Front comes into power, that agreement will not be made; if the Right should win in France, it is quite likely. Would the American idealists then decide that Soviet Russia is a dictatorship and Germany is not? Would they try to call off the war on the ground that the opposing team was using substitutes?

Let them remember that the United States is also, on the whole, a conservative country; that it would be much easier by skillful propaganda to sell to the Americans a moral crusade against communism than one against fascism. If our idealists want—as most of them do want—to see Soviet Russia given a chance to work out the greatest, the most hopeful experiment in all human history, they would do far better to advocate keeping this country out of the next war than to work for our entrance. Otherwise they may find that we have been maneuvered into supporting fascism in the effort to destroy the country where the most is being done to bring about a good life for the maximum number of people.

Scottsboro Justice Again

HAYWOOD PATTERSON is now under sentence of seventy-five years in prison, and stabbing and shooting are the aftermath of the new trial of the first of the eight Scottsboro Negro boys who are accused of raping two white girls in 1931. At three previous trials Patterson was convicted. Twice the United States Supreme Court has intervened to order new trials and once the trial judge set aside the verdict as being against the weight of evidence.

At the most recent trial in Decatur, Alabama, eight Negroes were included in the jury panel, in compliance with the Supreme Court order, but the prosecution excluded them from actual service on the jury. The entire trial, with the life of one human being directly at stake and the fate of seven others indirectly involved, was completed in exactly two days. Defense efforts to introduce medical and other relevant testimony were repeatedly denied. It is reported that Judge Callahan showed marked indications of impatience and hostility to the defendants, and the prosecuting attorney openly besought the jury not to "quibble over the evidence" but to "say to yourselves, 'we're tired of this job' and put it behind you. Get it done quick and protect the fair womanhod of this great state." To such a mentality as this [illegible] may have seemed like actual leniency. Patterson's trial was interrupted while a panel of veniremen was chosen for the trial of the next defendant, and then all proceedings were abruptly and indefinitely suspended because a physician who examined the victims of the alleged attack in 1931 is now ill and unable to attend the trials. Meanwhile, Patterson's attorneys are preparing an appeal to higher courts on his behalf.

The defendants were ordered returned to jail at Birmingham for safe keeping. They were manacled and placed in three automobiles, on the rear seat of each car, with armed deputies in the driver's seat and convoys of armed state troopers and deputies riding both ahead of and behind the prisoners' cars. Ozie Powell, one of the defendants, had managed to get hold of a pocket knife. According to the story told by local authorities, Powell made a sudden break for freedom, drew his knife, slashed the neck of Deputy Sheriff Blalock on the seat in front of him and attempted to jump from the car. Sheriff Sandlin, in this version, reached for his gun, Powell sought to wrest it from him, and in the struggle the gun was fired and Powell was shot through the head.

The story told by Roy Wright and Clarence Norris, who were shackled to Powell, differs sharply from this version. Aside from the obvious improbability of three handcuffed Negro boys attempting to escape when they were surrounded by a small army of deputies and troopers, it appears that Blalock had taunted, goaded and finally slapped Powell as the automobiles rolled along toward Birmingham. After the slap, Powell drew his knife and cut Blalock, and then yielded to the frantic pleas of his two fellow prisoners and dropped the knife on the floor of the car. Sheriff Sandlin stopped the car, got out, and Roy Wright says he opened the rear door, threatened to shoot all three of the unarmed, handcuffed Negroes and did shoot Powell through the head. The bullet was removed at a Birmingham hospital, and as this is written Powell is in a critical condition, with a slightly better than even chance for recovery.

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Does Socialism Work?

I: *How People Live in the Soviet Union*

BOWING TO THE INQUISITION: It is the duty of every traveler returned from the Soviet Union to render a report on that great endeavor. I have learned this, to my embarrassment, in the past few weeks. I came back full of good and modest resolutions. Who can know a country, even after a lifetime in it? Why should tourists talk so positively about what they have seen as from a train window? After a ten days' visit one may be able to write a book about Russia, but a month is too long for omniscience. Nevertheless, excuses will not put questioners off. They have an insatiable curiosity about the most interesting place in the world. They may have read everything that has been written about it, they may have attended dozens of lectures, but they turn the thumbscrews on the latest home-comer just the same. There are still oddments of information they have not squeezed out. Above all, they want to confute or to corroborate what they have heard elsewhere.

Finally, one understands the historic purpose of this grand inquisition. Gigantic issues depend on the world's judgment of the first socialist society in man's long experience. That judgment will be based on the testimony of hundreds of thousands of witnesses. Some witnesses are, of course, much better than others, but it is the duty of each of them to tell his story. Indeed, he will not be allowed to keep silence. No matter what the others may have said, and regardless of the qualifications of the individual witness, it is important to know what *he* thinks. I bow to the Inquisition.

Can the Tourist Learn the Truth?—There is an old legend that the tourist sees only the things the authorities want him to see. When Catherine the Great made a visit to the Crimea, her favorite built along the roadside the "Potemkin Villages," made of scenery and populated with actors, to prove how happy and picturesque her subjects were. So now, it is said, what is presented to the visitor is just a great show, concealing the ugly realities. This is downright nonsense. The Soviet State, with its 170,000,000 citizens, is not in the business of putting on a show for 25,000 tourists.

The casual tourist, on the contrary, often complains because not enough attention is paid to him. He frequently sees, not the best that the country has to offer, but nearly the worst. He has come through European cities where everything is done to please those who have money enough to pay. No matter what slums lurk in the outskirts, he has stayed in a in the restaurants of the fastidious; he has traveled in the *wagon-lits;* someone who otherwise would be out of a job was always waiting to be obsequious for his tip. Leningrad and Moscow, beautiful as they are, have no Fifth Avenue or Regent Street. It is as if Second Avenue had poured its inhabitants all over Fifth. One American woman complained because the streets were full of working people. The new workers' apartments in the outskirts are in better repair than the fine old houses in the center. The hotels, though usually comfortable, are not paradises of show. The people who work in them, as likely as not, are left-overs of the old regime, who do not exhibit the efficiency of the more ambitious citizen. Since everyone can have a job, and there is indeed a terrific labor shortage, those who perform the unexciting services for foreigners are often those who can't do anything better. Such skilled plumbers as there are don't have much time to keep hotel bathrooms in repair. Most trains do not have *wagon-lits;* even ordinary first-class compartments are rare.

When the tourist comes to America, he sightsees to the point of exhaustion around museums, parks, statues, public buildings. In this sense also the tourist in Russia is shown the show places—unless he balks. The process is tiresome anywhere, and hardly worth thousands of miles of travel. If the tourist in America is so mad as to want to interview President Roosevelt or the chairman of General Electric, or if he asks to be taken through steel mills and prisons and schools and farms, he is likely to be rebuffed—unless he has a special entree. But such contacts offer the really exciting experiences. The tourist in the Soviet Union finds it easier to take such samples of the people's life than here, but it is more difficult than to do the ordinary round. I marvel that busy Soviet citizens allow their work to be interrupted as often as it is by inquisitive foreigners. When the tourist asks to inspect some activity and is refused, he may put two and two together. "Ah," he may say, "that is something they don't want me to know about. It must be worse than the places I have seen." But as one who, because he was introduced as a writer, was given special consideration, I can testify that many of the things which casual tourists are not allowed to see are the best of all.

Surveillance of the Visitor.—Handicapped by a language so strange that he cannot even read the signs, the casual visitor usually does not have an

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sence of an open exchange market (which, according to recent dispatches, is being restored) the tourist had no rubles to spend unless he bought them illegally. He therefore had to depend on the Intourist office to arrange everything for him in advance. He was as helpless, with his dollars, to share the general life casually—to make a purchase in a regular store, to drop into a café, to take a street car or a taxi—as an Iroquois set down on Broadway with a pocketful of wampum. The language and currency difficulties made necessary a chaperonage that the critical visitor interpreted as conscious isolation. He might come to the conclusion that because he was regimented, Soviet citizens are too. He heaved a sigh of relief when he came out into the comparative "freedom" of Poland, Finland, Austria—or even Germany! But of course these measures are not adopted to keep the tourist under surveillance, but merely to help him.

The Russians Put on Shows.—The Russians have highly developed dramatic instincts and they do stage great shows, it is true—but not just for an empress or even for the tourists. They do it for themselves. There is always something being done, or about to be finished, that is far grander and better than anything they have known. A hot fire of publicity is directed on this symbol of achievement, this spur to ambition. The hydro-electric power plant in the Dnieper, the Turksib railway, the Chelyuskin expedition, the Moscow Metro, the Stakhanov movement—one marvel after another gives them something to be enthusiastic about, to cherish and show with pride. We, with our cynical resistance to ballyhoo, may assume that these enterprises are hollow and that the Russians are a lot of boy scouts. We don't make such a fuss about things that are even bigger, like Boulder Dam. But to them, these shows are the symbol of the success of a young and fresh culture. America used to be bumptious, too, when she was still young and hopeful. And, furthermore, these things are symbols of the Soviet feeling of popular proprietorship. The Pennsylvania Railroad belongs to a lot of stock and bondholders; the Moscow subway belongs to everyone in the nation.

This feeling of general ownership is one of the most striking things one encounters. A woman attendant in the railway station in Kharkov (recently redecorated) came up to us and asked, as we were sitting in the waiting room, "How do you like my new station?" A convict who still had two years to serve, and who showed us about Bolshevo, the prisoners' village, was just as eager for our praise of "my town."

Is There Enough Food?—There is little visible difference, as to quantity of food, between the Soviet Union and England or the United States. Bread and rolls are available in variety and abundance. So luxurious has the wheat diet become that bread in the better restaurants. Pork and hog products are plentiful; beef, veal and poultry and, occasionally, game, are on every menu and in the markets. Butter is good, though still a little high in price; it appears for one meal every day on the third-class diet. Cabbage, potatoes and root vegetables are of course universal; more luxurious vegetables and salads may be had in season. Eggs are always on hand, though not always strictly fresh; progress must be made in distribution and refrigeration. Milk and cream are distributed widely in most cities; the milk is pasteurized and tested daily; tuberculous cows are killed. Ice cream is sold in nearly all restaurants and by street vendors; it is far better than ours because it is not adulterated. There is fresh fruit in season, but unfortunately few oranges—at least in September. Lemons, however, can be bought. Sugar is not rationed. All food cards have been abolished; everybody buys food in the open markets, at standard prices. We saw no queues anywhere waiting to buy anything—except newspapers and tram rides.

The newer food stores, offering groceries and delicacies, bear comparison with our most fashionable and high-priced shops. There are also appetizing shops for dairy products, including cheese, honey and preserves. Soviet candy and chocolate are unsurpassed anywhere.

Food prices were reduced about 15 percent in the open market, and the last meat cards were abolished just before we left. At the same time, wage earnings were rising. An order was issued to open 300 new butcher shops in Moscow. And one of the last things we read in the Moscow papers concerned a campaign to popularize the hot dog.

Tourists may have digestive troubles if they are not careful about the water they drink or if they eat fresh salad or unpeeled raw fruit. But that is true also in many other countries. There are poor restaurants and bad cooking—especially of non-Russian dishes—in the Soviet Union as elsewhere. On the other hand, if the tourist attends an official dinner, he may be treated to a Lucullan feast.

Mineral waters, soft drinks, beer, wine, vodka, cognac and liqueurs, all of Soviet manufacture, are cheap and for the most part good. There is no restriction on the sale of liquor, yet in the course of a month's travel, covering thousands of miles, we saw only two drunken men. People are busy and interested, and party members set the fashion of not drinking, particularly not to excess.

How Do People Dress?—The usual impression of the American visitor is that the people dress shabbily. But they certainly are not in rags and tatters. Their clothes seem warm and whole; we saw nobody without shoes. In the summer, white tennis or other canvas shoes are common. Part of the shabbiness, in the eyes of the Americans, is due to the scarcity of cleaners and pressers—a lack that exists except for the richer portion of the

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There is more variety in the dress of men than in that of women. This is partly due to the omnipresent officers' uniform, which is often extremely smart. Many civilians also wear, from choice, the knee-high boots, of excellent soft leather, and the traditional Russian or Ukrainian blouse, sometimes embroidered on white or cream linen or silk, but more often a solid dark tan or blue. But there is a growing fashion for Western clothes—the sack suit, the soft hat instead of the garish, long-visored cap which is still the most common headgear—the white shirt and collar, or the soft shirt, often adapted to the Russian love of color by being dyed a brilliant heliotrope. These Western clothes are pointed out with pride as signs of cultural advance and the growing production of the modern clothing factories. Of course fur hats and leather coats, sheep-lined, are common in winter. Fur coats are seen less frequently.

The women dress much as Western women do—except for hats. One almost never sees a woman's hat in the streets; the beret is universal among the young and progressive, the kerchief among the less advanced. White berets for evening or best, blue and red for common. Silk is good, unadulterated and widely used; in this country we rarely find such good silk or linen. One often notices the same pattern of silk or cotton cloth in different colors. Woolen clothing is not of such good quality.

There is no resentment of the fact that some people dress better than others. To visiting radicals, this difference in dress seems "bourgeois." To the Soviet citizen, the ability to dress well means a higher income, and a higher income now means, not exploitation, but better service to society, and hence distinction. Men wear their orders, not in the form of unobtrusive ribbons, but as medals, even on civilian clothes, like schoolboys. The slogan is that every worker should have the best of bourgeois culture, and of course that includes clothing. The better the people dress, the better the Russians like it; it is a sign of advance. They want, not to level down but to level up.

In the new clothing or department stores you can find a selection approximating that in ours. New models are continually being introduced. There are fashion shows. You compliment the display of clothing and shoes; but your Soviet friend is more critical. "Not good enough yet," he will say, "and still too high priced. We must bring the prices down." Translating the ruble prices into dollars at the rates quoted on the illegal or "black bourse," one finds many of the articles surprisingly low. But of course the average cash income is also small.

What Is Worst About Living Conditions?—There is no doubt about it whatever—housing is still bad, according to the best standards of other countries. Probably it represents an advance for the peasant or worker in Russia, where large city, with the rapid industrialization, has grown like a Western boom town of the past generation in America; doubling, tripling or even quadrupling in population within five years. Fortunate is the family that has a whole apartment to itself; two or even three persons to the room still may be found. New apartment houses are occupied before their exteriors are finished.

In Moscow, which is particularly overcrowded, finding and keeping living quarters is a serious matter. A majority of suits in the civil courts concern the right to housing space. These suits are bitterly contested; cases have been known in which the loser, forced to quit his job in the capital because he had no place to sleep, has committed suicide. The lack of adjustment between industrial growth and housing is a case of bad planning and bad execution, perhaps inevitable under the circumstances; on account of the resulting crisis, no new factories can be erected in Moscow until housing catches up. Of course there is no parallel to capitalist cities, where luxurious and spacious homes exist a few blocks away from the slums. All the space there is is equitably shared.

Before the revolution, the building industry was limited in personnel and backward in technique. In spite of heroic struggles to improve it, it still remains so—at least in comparison with the demand. Enthusiastic shock workers are no substitute for skilled bricklayers, carpenters, painters and plumbers—especially plumbers. You see on every hand towers of scaffolding, which indicate at the same time rapid construction and a primitive type of construction. The steel-frame building is a rarity—except in industry. Most apartments are piles of brick, faced with stucco, which has to be constantly repaired and kept painted. There are broken windows even in relatively new houses; either there is not enough glass to mend them or there are not enough glaziers. Everybody is too busy to scrape the spattered paint or plaster off the windows. A good deal of the plumbing leaks or doesn't work at all. Four and five-story walkups are the rule.

An occupant of a new apartment asked to have it decorated. "You had better wait until the plaster falls off," he was told. It is common for a five-year-old building to require thorough repairs, inside and out. The new houses, however, are visibly better.

Soviet architects at the beginning took modernistic forms to their bosoms; but while the external appearance was plain and boxlike enough, it had little functional relationship to the methods of construction or the interior arrangements. The Russians, who love ornament and have a truly lavish sense of design and color, revolted at the result. There is now a reaction toward a sort of neo-classicism, but architecture is still floundering. In my opinion, it will not get far until a more advanced building technique gives it a firm basis.

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furniture making is still in its early stages. Curtains are used, but the production of textiles and the art of draping them are backward. The esthetic instinct of the inhabitants expresses itself in the universal window box of growing plants and flowers—especially in the south.

If I were making up the next five-year plan, I would reorganize the whole building industry, speed up the factories making building materials, pay special attention to the production of elevators, modern plumbing equipment, Old Dutch Cleanser or its equivalent, ammonia, brooms, brushes and vacuum cleaners, furniture, rugs and draperies.

Of course there are notable exceptions, such as the new theatre at Rostov, the Children's Palace at Kharkov, and some of the newer apartments, particularly in Georgia and the Ukraine. The Metro in Moscow is like an elongated palace. I have not criticized housing any more severely than do Soviet citizens themselves. And I was glad to read, while I was writing this, that the recent building congress in Moscow was a field-day for "constructive self-criticism." It is a safe prediction that within a few years, inhabitants of the Soviet Union will look back on the housing shortage as they now look back on the food shortage, as an unfortunate incident in the hard climb toward a socialist society.

GEORGE SOULE.

This is the first of a series of three articles on the Soviet Union. The second will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Drama in Downing Street

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, who had lately watched the drama of British politics from the longitude of New York, has now returned to London and obeys his instructions to report. What have I learned that may render more intelligible the vagaries in policy that bewildered us all? As to facts little that is new, for the reporting in the abler American newspapers was excellent: as to interpretation, your readers must judge.

The salient fact, when one asks what really is the attitude of the British government to the League, is, I think, that it is rather sharply divided between the Old Guard and the Young Men. The Old Guard looks out on the world with the pre-war mind. They acquiesced in Mr. Wilson's League, regarding it doubtless as an item in the emotional instability of wartime, an aberration that would pass, as much else in that abnormal period passed. Few of them had ever troubled to enquire at all closely what it meant. I wonder how many of them, from the Prime Minister downwards, have ever read the Covenant through? Certainly Lord Londonderry (who was dropped after the Election) had never done so, for he made a speech in which he said that sanctions were a socialist invention, altogether foreign to any correct conception of the League.

Late in the day, after Mr. Eden's disturbing interview with Il Duce in June, the Cabinet began to realize that the Ethiopian affair was serious. Not at once, but after a series of meetings, it seems to have agreed to give the League a trial. The Young Men were in earnest, with Mr. Eden at their head, and they of course were looking far beyond this African issue. What the League did now would decide whether it could be used either to overawe Hitler or to canalize German energies into some relatively innocent channel of revision and pacific [illegible] some perceived that the League might prove useful to the empire [illegible]

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fought through the War (notably Mr. Eden himself) and to them the League meant, sincerely enough, the hope of a peaceful and orderly future. It was probably common ground to both groups that Sir John Simon had mismanaged both the Manchurian affair and the Disarmament Conference. This younger school could point to the successes of the Labor Party in some of the by-elections fought on this League issue, and above all to the Peace Ballot.

The decision to give the League a trial covered, however, very different attitudes. Some were stubbornly resolved that it should succeed. Some expected and possibly hoped that it would fail: we should then return (as Canning once said of the Holy Alliance) to that "healthy state of affairs" in which "each is for himself and the Devil take the hindmost." Sir Samuel Hoare belonged on the whole to the Old Guard. One gathers that for him to think in Genevan terms was an effort. He made a fumbling advance into the new territory, doubtless with assistance, in his famous speech at Geneva. But this was not his habitual, inner mind, and when difficulties faced him, he relapsed.

What were the decisive factors that brought the Cabinet to adopt an experimental attitude to the League? One may easily exaggerate the strategical and imperial reckoning, as I confess that I did. Certainly, for any Cabinet thinking traditionally, the balance of power in the Mediterranean, the safety of Egypt and the road to the East would have been the decisive consideration. It did (as I had ground to believe at the time) weigh with at least one member of the Old Guard, perhaps the ablest of the veterans. From this standpoint it was suddenly

Hitler) were thinking primarily of the Suez Canal or even of Lake Tsana. The decisive consideration, oddly enough, was the necessity for British rearmament. That is the master thought today of the governing class. It is not unanimous in regarding Hitler as the enemy of tomorrow, but none the less he has set the pace and scale of armament, above all in the air. But, on this aim, the governing class saw in the Labor Party a serious obstacle. It was winning ground. It might (as things looked before the Jubilee) have gained, not (as in the fact it did) a hundred, but fully two hundred seats and a few more at the inevitable election that lay ahead.

In this anxious situation Mussolini was a help. War as a visible reality quickens the thinking even of the most pacific electorate. And very obligingly Mussolini began to threaten the British Empire. The dispatch of the battle fleet to the Mediterranean may have been a necessary precaution, but it was also good electioneering. Out of these elements of the problem sprang the genial solution—to back the League and call for new ships and more planes for the service of Geneva. It sounds (and it was) a cynical inspiration, but it worked, in the abnormal atmosphere of the crisis, remarkably well. The Labor Party, under poor leadership, paid for its own simplicity, and was successfully outflanked. Mr. Eden and his younger colleagues retained their idealism, the Old Guard its skepticism. But if you ask why Ministers as a team, with Mr. Baldwin at their head, turned red-hot evangelists for the League, the answer is that they took the shortest road to reëlection, and that their primary aim was rearmament. Their League must have the best battleships. "What was the difference," asked Sir Stafford Cripps, "between the Manchurian and the Ethiopian affairs?" There is an element of truth in his answer. "The Manchurian affair became critical just after an election, the Ethiopian just before."

This is not, one realizes, an exalted view of British politics. A Palmerston, a Disraeli or a Salisbury might have been no less cynical, but he would have bent everything to an objective conception of British imperial greatness. Mr. Baldwin has less than their objectivity, but he is free also from "Pam's" tendency to bully and from "Dizzy's" megalomania. Genial, easygoing, but in his pedestrian way shrewd, he is the consummate manager of a rather simple democracy. To keep this island placid, comfortable and safe, to fend off outbreaks of ill temper among the workers, to keep his party flock together, that rather than the aggrandizement of the empire is his aim. But the comfortable island that he manages must be safe: it needs its armaments. That, after some prodding from Mr. Churchill, he determined to ensure.

That done, the problem was to liquidate a dangerous affair as promptly as possible. It was [illegible] fleet as an answer to the suggested oil sanctions seemed a theatrical bluff. Here in London one is a little less confident. In any event, the threat had been made in a way so formal and official that perhaps it might have to be executed. Certainly, to my knowledge, it was made to at least two embassies in Rome and in the plainest words. Of course they reached and were meant to reach Downing Street. There were other channels. Sir Samuel Hoare had served as intelligence officer with the British forces in Italy. There the British military attaché, a certain Colonel Rocke, introduced him to Corporal Benito Mussolini, whom he felt, even then, to be the man of the future. Those talks lingered in Sir Samuel's memory.

This same Colonel Rocke, now retired, has in the last year run to and fro between London and Rome. To his old comrade in arms, now Foreign Secretary, he brought back the most lurid and detailed stories of what the corporal, now Dictator, will do—the menace of his speed-boats, the determination of the 120 air men who have formed a Battalion of Death linked by an oath to sink British battleships. All this may have impressed a sick man unduly. He would gather, moreover, in his office much curious information about Italian intrigues in Egypt, in Palestine, and even among Indian students. The chatter of Il Duce's press about *mare nostrum* and the revival of the Roman Empire had method in it. On this foundation, M. Laval played skillfully. He confirmed all the romantic tales. He would of course be loyal if Britain were attacked, but he pointed out that it might mean civil war in France. Two weeks at least would pass before he could give any effective help: the dockyards of Toulon for various reasons were not fit for use; and there was more to the same effect. Nor were the sailors encouraging.

This was the background out of which the Hoare-Laval peace terms emerged. Certainly, if one has even the most rudimentary conception of the League as a system of covenanted justice pledged to protect its humblest member from wrong, these terms were a monstrous act of treason. But had the Foreign Office, had Sir Samuel Hoare, had any of the Old Guard ever entertained, ever allowed to sink into their bosoms this view of the League? Ethiopia they regarded as a barbarian outsider, whose entry into the League they had opposed. They had obstructed its efforts to arm while Italy was openly mobilizing. Three times, on paper, between 1906 and 1925, they had arranged to partition it. The terms offered in August to Mussolini from Paris, as a bribe to keep the peace, had been sufficiently sinister. The Foreign Office was acting, after all, on the recognized prewar model adopted by all mediating empires. In the days of the Concert of Europe one did not end wars by applying the conception of covenanted justice: one compounded a felony; one trimmed the [illegible] edges of conquest; one shortened the strug-

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and prospects of the belligerents. In this case, to be sure, the estimate seemed oddly favorable to Italy, which is not even a thriving aggressor. But much else had also to be taken into account—the chance that the Dictator may be upset, if the war drags on, by a radical rising; the precarious outlook for Austria; the urgent necessity for reconstituting in Europe the Stresa Front, or better still of bringing Hitler into a four-power combination. In short, a realistic view of European equilibrium called out for peace at once, peace not indeed at any price, but at the expense of this barbarian client. So any statesman of pre-war Europe would have reasoned, and to that generation the Old Guard belonged.

The reader knows the sequel. Sir Samuel Hoare lost his nerve and proposed a settlement as fatal to British honor and pride as to the League idea. Mr. Baldwin had then to make a startling discovery. He had to realize that the placid island he manages actually is a democracy. He learned that what had been for him a good electioneering card was for the mass of the electorate and even for many in his own party a matter of sincere conviction. England really did believe in the League, and tested this peace plan by the ideal of covenanted justice and the literal pledges of the Covenant. The rest of the facts are what all the world knows —the revolt of The London Times, the proffered resignations of the Young Men, the rally to them of the two Chamberlains, the refusal of the Tory rank and file in the House to support an unqualified vote of confidence, the tardy and humiliating surrender of Mr. Baldwin, the fall of Sir Samuel Hoare and the victory of Mr. Eden. There is no hidden mystery to uncover. For once representative government worked. One understands after this experience why the early English reformers of the nineteenth century wanted annual Parliaments.

The Young Men have got their chance. In their own country at least they have adequate support. Unfortunately, good form forbids them to signal from inside the Cabinet to their reserve forces. The Old Guard surrenders, but does not die. And can the Young Men fit this conception of covenanted justice into the framework of the actual League, distorted by the system of alliances? Sir Samuel Hoare's reasons for a prompt peace were sound enough. If democracy will not seek it by a treacherous settlement, there is just one other expedient that might achieve it—an embargo on oil. That, thanks to Washington, is now feasible, and the French fleet has proved simultaneously its capacity for motion. So long as the aggressor could, by a threat of violence, compel the chief League powers to supply him with the fuel wherewith to commit his aggression, no League as yet existed. Before the month is out, we shall know whether the revolt of the British democracy has availed to bring it to life.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

All Right, Balance the Budget!

ONE OF the most extraordinary examples of ingratitude in high places is supplied by the banking and business community in its formal "declaration of war" against the New Deal and the Roosevelt administration. The current expressions and activities of the big-business community with respect to the administration are all the more wonderful as coming from debtors and, yes, social wards, of the government. One seldom finds debtors reading the riot act to their creditors or social derelicts dictating to their benefactors.

The basic demand of the industrialists and bankers is, simply, that the budget be balanced, and by this they mean that relief and unemployment expenditures and farm aid be eliminated or sharply diminished. The possibilities held out by such an action are interesting to contemplate and I was bold enough to suggest to a banker, not one of the most prominent, that there might be unpleasant social manifestations resulting from such an action. His reply was the essence of simplicity; it was: "What have we got an army for?"

This was, of course, merely the remark of an individual, but it is at least indicative of political obtuseness pervading the business and banking com- of business leaders are seeking a civil war. Yet the cry for a balanced budget is equivalent to a demand for civil war.

The administration could, if it wished, quickly bring to an end the hideous noise being generated on the right by the spokesmen for the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Liberty League, the National Economy League and the American Bankers' Association. It could do this merely by announcing that it was seriously considering following the advice of the financial and industrial key men. If these gentry want the budget balanced, the government withdrawn from "interference" with private business, the status quo of 1932 restored, why, after all, should the supporters of the administration make a last-ditch fight against them? Why not accede to the demands, literally, and proceed immediately to outline the steps proposed on the road back?

The first step in balancing the national budget would manifestly be the calling of all loans due the government. Upward of 6,000 banks today owe the Reconstruction Finance Corporation more than $1,000,000,000

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are in default on their stock interest payments, according to the statement of Mr. Jesse Jones before the American Bankers' Association in New Orleans recently. If there should be a serious move to balance the budget and take the government "out of private business," the banks would have to reacquire this stock at enormous expense, and the government would have to liquidate the defaulting institutions. But about this we need not worry, and the probabilities are that depositors would be paid nearly in full. True, a good many bankers would lose their jobs, but this again should not worry us.

Let nobody believe that it is merely tank-town banks which are indebted to the R.F.C. Both the Chase National Bank and the National City Bank, the first and second largest institutions, respectively, find very helpful the $50,000,000 of new capital provided for each of them by the government. As of October 31 there was due the R.F.C. in loans made to banks the tidy sum of $411,728,898, which would have to be recalled in any serious program of budget-balancing. All in all, the R.F.C. has lent the rugged bankers $1,898,666,675, of which $1,486,937,777 has been repaid.

The railroads owe the R.F.C. $412,810,059, which should be called immediately. This would make the financial position of many carriers, whose loans and securities are held by various banks, precarious, but as the government apparently has no right to be in business, its withdrawal would mean a sheer gain of principle. As the railroads went into bankruptcy, thereby putting a great strain on the banks, the administration could not be blamed. For it would merely be following the advice so freely given by the bankers and industrialists. Bankruptcy of the railroads would cause the public little inconvenience, for the roads would continue to be operated—but under new managers.

Mortgage companies owe the R.F.C. $131,770,770, and this would be another tidy budget-balancing sum for the government to reacquire. The savings banks and insurance companies holding the mortgages could whistle for their money, but they would have the moral satisfaction of seeing the government "go out of business." Building and loan companies still owe the R.F.C. $8,358,886, out of total borrowings of $116,430,495. Loans to insurance companies still stand at a little more than $10,000,000, out of total loans of $89,519,495. The only loans made by the R.F.C. that have been paid in full are regional farm-credit loans in the amount of $173,243,641. The R.F.C. has purchased $30,375,000 of preferred stock of insurance companies, of which only $192,000 worth has been repurchased by the rugged individualists, leaving the government holding $30,183,000 worth.

By recalling all these loans the government would realize the neat sum of $2,020,857,513, which would help to make up the budget deficit for 1936-37. But only part of the real job would have been done. The budget includes other items requir- to fall as the purchasing power created by the gov- withdrawn. The

The Roosevelt administration has appropriated vast sums for naval building and is planning to subsidize a commercial shipbuilding program. Fiscal economy would require the scrapping of this whole program. The canceled shipyard orders, entailing cancellations of demands on heavy industry for steel, dynamos, turbines and generators, would send the shipbuilding industry again to the bottom of the industrial heap—where it was in 1932—considerably embarrassing the bankers behind the shipbuilding companies.

After this the C.C.C. could be demobilized, at enormous budget savings, returning 400,000 husky youths to the crowded urban centers to join the unemployed, who would by this time be removed from the relief rolls. The curtailment of unemployment relief and of the C.C.C. program, combined with the reduction of farm aid and the suspension of the public-works program, would serve to bring about a nicely reduced and healthy budget.

There would, it is true, be a sharp increase in unemployment owing to the influx from the shipyards, the C.C.C., the abandoned public-works projects and the unaided farms, and these new recruits would join those lately pushed off relief. Industry, as everyone knows, could not give these persons employment any more than it can give employment to the 12,000,000 now out of work.

It is a dead certainty that there would be bloody rioting in the larger cities and probably a return in the farm belt to shot-gun picketing of the roads against the movement of low-priced produce, such as was witnessed under President Hoover. Conceivably there would be heavy property losses from riot damage as the administration grimly stuck to its purpose of keeping the budget in balance. Conceivably there might be a heavy—and expensive—mobilization of the militia to curb the rioters. And, conceivably, the militia, after cutting loose with the machine guns a few times, might become aghast at the result of its work—and join the rioters.

Then the bankers and industrialists could make plans to do business amid civil warfare, but if that is what they desire, why should we not take the chance with them? Why keep on arguing about the infernal budget? Why bother supporting the existing social system when even the bankers and industrialists, who gain the most by its continued existence, grow so angry about the expense?

This is, of course, the extreme possibility, should the moderate, middle-of-the-road, centrist Roosevelt administration make up its mind to take Wall Street's advice. Perhaps the long suffering and patient American people would not revolt; perhaps they would be content to crawl into dark holes and starve. If they did this, there would at least be an end to the present upturn in the business cycle, which has meant a sharp recovery of profits for most of industry. Prices would again unquestionably begin

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banks, at present able to earn something by handling a huge amount of government short-term paper, would again be faced by losses.

We would, in short, be back to conditions similar to those of late 1932 and early 1933, but if Wall Street insists upon it, why not go back and try letting "events take their course"? As the citizenry began to realize that the industrialists were still locking them out of the factories as they were locked out under the Hoover regime of high-principled Republicans, the citizenry could take whatever action it saw fit.

Carrying out the analysis in this way clearly reveals the current outcry about the budget for what it is: a masquerade. Of course the bankers do not want the budget balanced literally. They merely want farm aid and unemployment relief lopped off. In their caterwauling, the bankers ignore the crucial fact that, as private individualistic enterprise, the industrial and banking system is still bankrupt, notwithstanding its support by the national government.

These paupers, if left to their own devices by the government, would all go under the auctioneer's hammer. There is a stream of political thought in the world today which holds that bankrupt business should be permitted to sink of its own weight. The Roosevelt administration does not subscribe to this theory. It believes it is doing more than merely support the bankers and the industrialists. It is also supporting the established social system. It is attempting to mitigate some of the hardships of the breakdown of that system. But in supporting the existing social system, in attempting by reformism to overcome some of the worst abuses that have crept in under rugged capitalism, it is also, perforce, supporting the very interests that are now complaining the loudest, interests that are carrying on as subversive an agitational campaign against the democratic status quo as has ever been waged by any revolutionary faction.

As long as the administration confined itself, as it did in its initial months of existence, to placing industry and finance on an expensive dole, it met with the approval of the bankers and industrialists. The drain on the budget that attended the reopening of the banks with government funds, the loans to railroads, mortgage companies and insurance units were heartily approved by the business community. With the introduction of similar necessary measures down through the social scale, the business community, which assumes that it alone constitutes society, fell into an unreasoning state of alarm.

But the administration has it in its power to dissipate that alarm. All Wall Street wants is a balanced budget. We say, "Give it a balanced budget immediately." We are willing to abide by the resulting action of the American people.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG.

Mr. Morgan's Mice

IN HIS latter years, J. P. Morgan has grown thick around the middle. During his appearance before the Nye munitions committee, he sat for hours without moving, slumped forward in his seat, bigger and heavier than anyone else in the room. His bulk, and the way he sat, made him look very much like a pyramid, with all of a pyramid's enduring quality.

This effect was heightened by the manner in which the hearings were halted by Senators Glass and Connally. As this is written, the future of the investigation is still undecided. Ostensibly the wrath of Messrs. Glass and Connally was directed at Senator Nye's remark that Woodrow Wilson had "falsified," but their speeches showed that they were also against the legislation to forbid future war trade now before the Senate. The approval with which their words were received, moreover, revealed that a large number of Senators, perhaps a majority, privately agreed with them.

This disclosure of the depth of anti-neutrality sentiment in Congress threw a sudden, significant light around the Morgan hearings. Cable after cable from the Morgan files had been read, all tending to show that in the end war profits make participation in war almost inevitable. Yet after a week of such testimony, Senator Glass stood up to pour scorn on the neutrality bill. With his tiny fist bleeding from the violence with which he had struck his desk, he shouted: "Think of it! . . . The United States isolating itself, pretending to be purer and more humane than other nations, and denying the right of its own nationals to produce and sell." His speech made Mr. Morgan, and the things he stands for, seem ineradicable and eternal.

The Morgan cables, which the committee's able investigators, Messrs. Raushenbush, Brown and Wohlforth and Miss Burns, passed along the witness table to the official stenographer, had a great evocative value. Here were the very words, from Harjes, the Paris partner, that Morgan read in the terrible days of August, 1914, when the Marne was still undecided, and the French government was in hiding at Bordeaux. Here were the troubled words of Grenfell, the London partner, during the summer of 1916, when the British army reeled before the blows of the Germans at Verdun, Ypres and on the Somme. Here were Mr. Morgan's replies, giving almost weekly his views on President Wilson, Wilson's foreign policy and the growth of pro-Ally sentiment in the United States.

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trance into the World War has been known for the last ten years. The Morgan testimony sharpened this story, made explicit episodes previously only guessed at, but did not change it in any significant respect. The value of the testimony lay rather in its revelation of the attitude of mind of the American business community, as exemplified by its leading firm, towards war during 1914-17, and the persistence of this attitude today.

Midway in the hearings, a revealing interchange occurred between Mr. Morgan and Senator Vandenberg. Vandenberg had asked whether, simply from an economic standpoint, the war boom had not been a bad thing for the country, and had not led to a slump that had caused misery and hardship. Mr. Morgan smiled indulgently, as if he thought the question slightly foolish: "I don't think you could have looked ahead at the time and have said that. You know a man will not decline an order that he is able to fill because later he may have difficulty in selling his products. He will take what he can get at the time, inevitably."

Mr. Lamont jumped in, and flung at the committee that in 1914-17 it would have been impossible to expect a farmer to say: "No, I will not fill orders at this time for cotton and wheat." To a majority of the committee, the farmer was a sacred subject, as Lamont unquestionably knew. He felt that he had scored, and, referring to the whole of America's wartime trade, he gave it as his opinion that "our country had those commodities, and it was the most natural and the most proper thing in the world that they should be sold."

At the heart of this colloquy, and of many others like it, was America's participation in the World War, and the death of 50,000 American soldiers in battle. Gradually the realization sank in that these leaders of business did not in the least regard war as the greatest of all evils, worth any sacrifice and hardship to avoid. The realization deepened that when Mr. Morgan made his brief statement at the beginning of the hearings, "There are some things it is better to die for than to live without—a nation's self-respect and independence are two of them," he was not using rhetoric, but saying his exact thoughts.

It was also clear that national self-respect and independence meant to him, as to Senator Glass, chiefly the right of nationals to produce and sell. It may be true that Messrs. Morgan, Lamont and Whitney represent a decayed and dying social class, but it was impossible to watch them for a week and a half and not feel that they were unaware of any impotence. On the contrary, it was evident that they considered themselves men of great possessions and authority, which they were prepared to fight for, and which they felt the nation should also be ready to fight for. Mr. Morgan gravely reminded the committee that his son had served on a destroyer in the English Channel, but, said he: "The fact that the Allies found us useful and valued am most proud in all my business life of more than forty-five years."

The announced purpose of the Nye hearings was to determine, as nearly as possible, the responsibility of J. P. Morgan and Company for this country's entrance into war in 1917. Inevitably the hearings had the aspect of a criminal trial, with Senators Nye and Clark as prosecuting attorneys. It should be said at once that, up to the time the committee was forced to suspend its hearings, they failed completely to shake the aplomb of the accused. Repeatedly Mr. Lamont, as spokesman for his partners, turned embarrassing questions into debates in which he handled himself with great adroitness. On the basis of these first hearings, many editorial writers are asserting that the munitions trade can no longer be blamed for President Wilson's declaration of war.

In this observer's opinion, the hearings point just the other way. Before judgment is passed on the Nye committee, it seems to me that we ought to decide what sort of evidence it could have been expected to uncover. On one preliminary question, I think, agreement is general. The ultimate decision that took the United States into war was made by President Wilson alone. Very interesting documents, offered before the committee, reinforce the common impression that, by the winter of 1916-17, Mr. Wilson had ceased to depend in any large measure on Messrs. House and McAdoo and had begun to shut himself off from everyone except those who, like Mr. Tumulty, gave him complete obedience. If the self-sufficiency of President Wilson is accepted, the problem narrows down to what influences had a controlling effect upon him.

On this, the Nye committee could not be expected to produce direct testimony. What it did do was to make clear, much clearer than ever before, the economic considerations that might reasonably be supposed to have been in Mr. Wilson's mind.

By the beginning of 1917, J. P. Morgan and Company, as purchasing agents for the Allies, had distributed nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of orders for munitions, wheat, cotton and other war supplies. The increased purchasing power caused by these war orders had brought about perhaps the sharpest business boom the country has known. The boom had spread far beyond the war-baby industries; hardly a manufacturer or farmer failed to feel it.

This boom had been financed in three ways, by shipments of gold and negotiable securities from London, by war loans floated in this country, and by short-term credits advanced to manufacturers by our banks. There is no serious dispute that, by the beginning of 1917, the first method of payment had been virtually exhausted. The Nye committee's questions were directed to show that the second method was also becoming difficult. Two British loans, totaling $550,000,000, had been sold in August and October, 1916; a third, for $250,000,000,

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orders was to be maintained, a fourth loan would have to be marketed in April or May. In his testimony, Lamont said that it was "perfectly ridiculous" to think that England could not have found acceptable collateral for this fourth loan, and for others after it. In a slightly different connection, he was at pains to call attention to the immense resources of British nationals—their holdings in mines, railroads and other properties all over the world—all of which could have been used for American credits.

This is all true, but it does not wholly answer the question whether England could have continued to sell war loans in this country. According to the Morgan firm's own cables, the capital market here in 1917 was small, investors had not been "educated" to foreign lending and the industrial boom tended to divert their money to domestic securities. The Morgan cables also offer proof that the credit of the Allies in New York was continuously affected by their military fortunes, which, at the beginning of 1917, were at their lowest ebb. Russia was threatened by the revolution which did, in fact, break out a few weeks later. In the West, the Germans were at their strongest, nearly equaling the Allies in the number of effectives. The unrestricted submarine campaign was impending. The Allies' military authorities themselves hoped for no more than a stalement.

It must be realized, furthermore, that it would not have been necessary for a British loan to fail completely to have broken the American war boom. The Morgan cables show that American banks were extremely nervous about their advances to the munitions makers. If a fourth British loan had been received with any noticeable reluctance by the investing public, the banks might easily have rushed to cut down their commitments, and the war boom would have been checked, with fatal consequences.

It cannot be denied that, in the opening weeks of 1917, Mr. Wilson faced an extremely ticklish economic situation. One way of judging the effect that it must have had on his actions is to imagine that, instead of declaring war on Germany, he had thrown his influence behind an expanded version of the Gore-McLennon bill, and withdrawn protection from American nationals and goods on the high seas. That would have settled the German submarine issue, but it would also have shocked the American economic structure to its outermost reaches. Mr. Wilson would have had to meet the anger of ruined business men, unemployed workers and mortgage-burdened farmers. The only sure way to have appeased the country would have been to take over the war industries, in the name of the government, and turn them to producing goods for the betterment of our own standard of living, instead of for waste in Europe. But such a solution, for a man of Mr. Wilson's background and beliefs, was unthinkable.

None of the other factors that must have in my opinion, has the hard, intractable quality of this economic pressure. Many historians of the war period cling to the fact that Mr. Wilson had committed himself to holding Germany to "strict accountability" for her submarine outrages. But surely Mr. Wilson was also pledged to preserve peace at any price, and, since the latter promise had been solemnly given to the whole American people, it must have had great weight with him. In any case, however, the distinction can be made that, at the beginning of 1917, all purely political decisions lay within Mr. Wilson's own hands. He might have demanded that the Allies cease arming their merchant ships, and have refused to move against Germany until this demand was complied with. He might have demanded that the Allies accept his peace plans in detail. Within the purely political sphere, his range of action was very great. It was only in the economic sphere that he was powerless.

The reason for the Nye investigation, and for the neutrality bill now before Congress, is to prevent us from being drawn into a future foreign war. As far as it goes, the neutrality bill is a good one. But more important than any legislative measure is the attitude of mind of those who control the country's bread and butter. If the Nye committee has made anything clear, it is that American business men do not think that war trade is wrong, and are prepared to accept as much of it as they can get. As long as men with such a feeling about war are in control of the jobs and incomes of most of the people of the country, it is rash to believe that legislative safeguards can protect us. Probably our only reasonable hope is that the next European war will be fought in the air, and will be soon over.

Washington. T. R. B.

Mill Strike

I stand at the turn of the street, watching.
The air is heaving, charged, like the throat
Of a man being hanged; board fences round
The millyard bulge with the pressure of waiting.
The day is a dead bird whose great eyes slobber
Into the smoky sky. Steel of the troopers' rifles,
Strain breaking the pickets' faces, the hunched
Shoulders.
"Steady! We stand. Let them fire;
Be damned to them." The voice grows: becomes
Voices. People move; the tenseness fades.
"Fix
Arms." The sharp click. Their safety latches fall.
And now it's their fingers, it's only their little orders
To stop them.

I wonder what it was; I wonder why it counts
So much for us to hear that voice which scares
Their prettiest order into the snout of a rifle
Pointed full toward our every face. I stand
At the turn of this street sing-

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The Golosh

A Story

OF COURSE, it doesn't take much to lose a golosh in a tram. Especially if one gets shoved into from the side and some hefty great baboon steps right on the heel from behind—there you are, no golosh.

To lose a golosh—like falling off a log.

My golosh was dragged off me in two ticks of a hen's thumb. One might almost say, before you could say "knife."

When I got on the tram both goloshes were present and correct; I remember that as though it were a moment ago. I even touched them with my hand as I climbed in—there they were.

But when I got out of the tram—I look: one golosh still present, the pet—the other absent. The boot—yes, there it is. And the sock. And the pants all reporting present. But the golosh is gone.

Naturally, you can't very well run after the tram.

I took off the remaining golosh, wrapped it up in a newspaper and went my way. "After work," I think, "I shall start looking for it. Goods and chattels can't be just let go like this. Somewhere, somehow, I shall unearth it."

After work I set out on my search. As first step, I consulted with a tram-driver of my acquaintance.

He gave me hope at once.

"Offer," he said, "thanksgiving that you lost it on a tram. In any other public place—I could vouch for nothing, but a loss on a tram is a holy matter. We have such an office for lost things. Come there and get yours. A holy matter!"

"Well," I say, "thanks very much. A mountain, indeed, has been taken off my shoulders. Particularly as the golosh was almost brand-new. At most in its third season."

The next day I proceeded to the office in question.

"Would it be possible," I say, "chaps, to get back a golosh? Got dragged off in the tram."

"It would be possible," they say. "What sort of a golosh?"

"The golosh," I say, "is of the ordinary sort. Size twelve."

"We have," they say, "of this very size twelve, perhaps twelve thousand. Enumerate its personal characteristics."

"Personal characteristics," I say, "are of the ordinary sort: the heel, of course, is frayed, and the lining inside—well, it isn't there, it's been worn off."

"We have," they say, "of exactly such goloshes perhaps more than a thousand. Has it no special marks?"

"It has," I say, "special marks. The toe is, one might almost put it, torn right off, hardly holds on. [illegible] almost gone sides," I say, "the sides are not so bad, still bearing up."

"Wait here," they say, "a while. We'll look."

And suddenly they bring out my golosh.

Gracious, how my heart jumped. What an emotion! "How marvelously," I think, "works the organization of the state. And what idealistic people—how much trouble they have taken on themselves, all for the sake of my golosh!"

"Thank you," I say, "friends, till the last of my days. Pass it to me quickly. I'll put it on at once."

"No," they say, "nothing doing. We cannot issue it to you. We," they say, "have no means of knowing—perhaps it wasn't you at all who lost this golosh."

"But it was I," I say, "who lost it."

"Very," they say, "possible, but we cannot effect issue. Bring a certificate to the effect that it is indeed you who lost this golosh. Let the house committee certify this fact, and then, without more ado or superfluous red tape, we shall issue the golosh."

"Chaps," I say, "revered comrades, but the house committee is totally ignorant respecting this said fact. Perhaps they won't issue such a document."

"They'll issue," they said, "it's their job to issue."

So I took one more look at my golosh and exited.

The next day I went to the chairman.

"Issue the document," I say, "the golosh is perishing."

"But is it true," he says, "that you lost it? It's not a try-on?"

"By God," I say, "I lost it."

"Fill in," he says, "a declaration." I filled in a declaration. Next day I received the formal certificate.

I took this certificate to the office. And without worry, without ado, without red tape, they issue me back my golosh.

Only when the golosh was once more upon my foot was I at last overcome. "See," I think, "how marvelously works the organization of the state. Would they in some backward country have taken so much time and trouble over my golosh? No, they would just have thrown it out of the tram—and that would have been that. While here—barely a week have I applied, and they issue it me back. What organization!"

One fly in the ointment: during the week's excitement I lost the first golosh, my pet. I carried her throughout under my arm wrapped up in a parcel—and for the life of me I can't remember where I left her. But the main thing, it wasn't in a tram. That's the hell and perishing worst of it, that it wasn't in a tram. Where to start looking for her?

But, anyway, I still have the other golosh. I put it on the mantelpiece. And whenever life feels tiresome—you steal a glance at the golosh and somehow all seems to be light and carefree again. "Eh," I think, "what organization!"

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Washington Notes

Peter Grimm "Coöperates" on Low-Cost Housing —A Dangerous Naval Program— Can Japan Keep Up?

TWO DOORS away from Secretary Morgenthau's office in the old Treasury building is the office of Peter Grimm. It is a large, handsome room, outfitted with the perquisites of rank—Oriental rug, blue-leather sofa, oil painting of a departed patriot, and a big sign, inscribed in gold letters: "Special Adviser to the Secretary." Grimm is the Treasury expert on housing, and apparently he has succeeded in killing the government's low-cost-housing program.

Grimm is a New York City real-estate operator, and spokesman for important real-estate interests. He first became known in New York during the mayoralty of the late Red Mike Hylan. Each year he used to appear before the city Board of Estimate to ask that real-estate taxes be reduced. Such learning as Red Mike possessed he had acquired from his wife after his marriage, and all his life he fought a losing battle with English syntax. It was easy to make him appear foolish, and most people delighted to humiliate him.

Grimm was perhaps the only educated person appearing before the Board of Estimate who treated Red Mike with respect. Until Grimm's advent, Red Mike used to burst into long, incoherent tirades at the sight of a real-estate representative. But before long, Grimm was giving Red Mike shrewd advice on how to reduce the city budget, and how to hold down property taxes, and Red Mike was meekly accepting it.

In the early summer of 1934, Grimm appeared in Washington. At that time, if anything seemed sure about the Roosevelt program, it was that the construction of low-cost housing would shortly be undertaken on a nationwide scale. It was an article of New Deal faith that privately built housing was never really cheap, that its costs always included outrageously speculative land values, and that the construction itself was always badly planned and executed.

The real-estate interests of the country reciprocated the dislike of the New Dealers. Every gathering of real-estate owners was devoted to the menace of the P.W.A. slum-clearance program, and the bitterness was great. Grimm, however, showed himself to be extremely reasonable. He met all the low-cost-housing enthusiasts in the administration, and explained that he wanted simply to coöperate. He has been in Washington coöperating ever since, and apparently has coöperated the low-cost-housing program out of existence.

Grimm's basic position is that housing ought not to be a concern of the federal government, but rather of municipalities and counties. He is eloquent on the diversity of our geography, our varying needs and tastes, and the dangers of centralized, bureaucratic control. He readily admits, however, that most cities and counties are now without credit, and for this reason he is willing that Washington should lend them money, although only for a rigidly limited

loans to communities approved by Mr. Roosevelt, and it is the accepted administration program for the future.

Grimm's model in drafting his plan seems to have been the Housing Authority set up by New York City, the chief accomplishment of which has been to reconstruct a group of ancient tenements on land acquired from Vincent Astor. This particular job has been criticized by experts on city planning and it is vastly inferior to the more elaborate projects in New York of the P.W.A.

Grimm's plan obviously represents an immense retreat from the original New Deal concept. In most communities, real-estate owners are politically important and will be able to exercise control over local programs. For example, real-estate operators who have recently been in Washington to consult Grimm and other government officials are already insisting that tenants of subsidized housing projects be taken exclusively from unemployed families on relief, so that there can be no possibility of competition with privately owned tenements.

The administration official who apparently has the most to expect from Grimm's plan is Harry Hopkins. Although Grimm is reluctant to disclose exact figures, there is reason to believe that his estimates call for breaking ground for $400,000,000 worth of local low-cost projects within the next year. It is virtually settled that one of the conditions on which grants will be made to communities is that relief labor will be given the first chance at construction jobs, and it has been proposed that these workers should be paid directly by Hopkins from relief funds. The agency that has the least reason to welcome Grimm's plan is the Resettlement Administration, for almost certainly it means that the Resettlement Administration's ambitious program for "satellite cities" will be abandoned.

After Mr. Roosevelt, Grimm's most illustrious convert appears to be Senator Wagner. No later than last summer, Wagner was devoting his energies to pushing a bill that would have launched the federal government on an urban-housing program two and a half times as large as the old P.W.A. program. Recently, however, his ideas about housing procedure seem to have undergone a change, and it is now possible that he will introduce the legislation necessary for Grimm's community plan.

Almost at the moment that Japan announced its withdrawal from the London naval conference, propaganda began for the building of new American battleships. Since then Chairman Vinson of the House naval committee has said that he considered replacements necessary, and that a construction program may be debated at the present session of Congress. This is an infinitely dangerous proposal. American battleship construction is more feared by the Japanese than anything except fortifications in the Pacific. They know that their financial resources are less than those of the United States, and that they cannot hope to match us in ships costing in the neighborhood of $30,000,000 apiece. They would regard a battleship program as a deliberate attempt to ruin them, and their rage would be far greater than that of the British toward Germany before the World War. It is admittedly difficult to love the Japanese in their present mood, but that does not mean we should consciously set out

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Other People's Money

Senator Glass Defends Morgan Again—
Speak No Ill of the Dead—
The Times Is Inconsistent

SENATOR Carter Glass wants the munitions hearings suppressed. Oddly, he turns up in the midst of the Morgan hearing to end the probe. No one will question the honesty of the Virginia Senator, but it is worth while inquiring where his heart is. In May, 1933, the same J. P. Morgan, whose examination by the Munitions Committee was suspended by the Virginian's explosion, was on the witness stand. Then he appeared before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, before which Mr. Ferdinand Pecora was investigating Wall Street. Mr. Pecora, not satisfied with Mr. Morgan's answers, was pressing him for more explicit information about the manner in which the twenty Morgan partners escaped paying income taxes for three years. Suddenly the waspish Virginia Senator rose to sting out his protest against Mr. Pecora's questioning of Mr. Morgan. "I do not see any reason in the world," he ranted, "or anything to be gained, by badgering Mr. Morgan about his knowledge or lack of knowledge of that particular item." And he then continued to pick on Mr. Pecora or to interpolate explanatory and exculpatory remarks and questions in support of the Morgans.

Now the Morgan firm finds itself upon the carpet again in an investigation of the gravest importance. And once more Senator Glass appears on the scene to denounce the investigation and this time attempt to kill it.

It is entirely within the Virginia Senator's rights to defend the Morgan firm and to denounce those Senators who dare to question it, but it is also an excellent thing for the people of the country and the Senator's constituents to know what role he is playing.

Senator Glass was outraged because Senator Nye commented in a hearing that the late President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing had "falsified" when they said they did not know until they arrived at Versailles of the secret treaties by which the Allies proposed to parcel out the territories of the Central Powers among themselves. The Senator, who in his time has denounced almost everybody in public life, living and dead, charged Senator Nye with cowardice because he had attacked two dead men.

Of course it cannot be denied that Wilson and Lansing are dead men. But you cannot discuss history without discussing dead men. History is full of them. And, what is more to the point, Wilson and Lansing are not the only Americans connected with the Great War who are now dead. There are fifty thousand young Americans who, in battle or by disease, achieved the status of dead men in that War. The graveyards of the world are full of dead men who died following bungling statesmen into wars. And there are millions of young men living in America today who may well be dead before a decade has passed if the lessons of history are to be closed to us because statesmen cannot discuss the mistakes of those

While we are on the subject, there is a choice morsel of journalistic "impartiality" that deserves attention. On Tuesday of the week before last Secretary Ickes, referring to Governor Talmadge, said: "Really, I don't pay much attention to anything his Chain-Gang Excellency says." This was enough to excite the disgust of The New York Times. In one of those editorials in which of late it gives itself up to elephantine bantering, it commented with pain upon the Secretary's "retort courteous." Then it expressed the pious wish that public men of both great parties "lessoned by these professors of politeness [Ickes and Talmadge] may refrain from scurrility in the presidential campaign." With The Times holding these views upon the conduct of public discussion, let us observe its handling of the Nye-Glass controversy.

On Thursday Senator Tom Connally of Texas attacked Senator Nye for his criticism of President Wilson and Secretary Lansing. Senator Connally used very strong language. Senator Nye's statement, he said, was worthy only of a "checker-playing, beer-drinking, low-down house." He challenged the correctness of Senator Nye's criticism. Friday morning the newspapers, as was proper, gave full reports of this attack. On Friday Senator Nye replied to Senator Connally. When he was through Senator Glass made a speech assailing Senator Nye. I was in the gallery and heard Senator Nye's speech. It was an argument in support of his criticism. He offered excerpts from numerous documents. Indeed, whether one agrees with the wisdom of making the criticism or not, he left little ground for any man to doubt that both Wilson and Lansing did know of the secret treaties before they went to Versailles. However, whatever opinion one may hold on this point, there can be no doubt that Senator Nye's speech was calm, reasoned, documented and, above all, civil and in conformity with good manners.

Thereupon Senator Glass took the floor and in an eruption of unparalleled violence, poured out a torrent of abuse on Senator Nye's head. "If it were permissible in the Senate," he said, "to say that any man who would asperse the integrity and veracity of Woodrow Wilson, is a coward, if it were permissible to say that his charge is not only malicious but mendacious, that I would be glad to say here and elsewhere to any man, etc." Senator Nye's statement was "dirt-daubing the sepulcher of Woodrow Wilson"; "miserable demagogy and mendacious suggestion."

This did not shock The Times. Instead, in printing an account of the day's proceedings, Senator Glass's speech was printed in full. A statement by Mr. Joseph Tumulty in reply to Senator Nye was printed in full—almost a column and a half. Senator Connally's slurs on Senator Nye were printed in ample paragraphs, but only a few stray paragraphs of Senator Nye's side were published and these left out wholly the points he made in support of his criticisms of Wilson.

It is "scurrility" for Secretary Ickes to speak of Governor Talmadge as "His Chain-Gang Excellency," but it is an event to be jubilantly reported when Senator Glass loads an opponent with every form of abuse the rules of the Senate will permit while ignoring almost completely the civil and seriously reasoned statement of Senator Nye.

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Movies: When They Are Good

UNLESS the movie industry surprises everybody, including itself, "Ceiling Zero" will be one of the best pictures of 1936. In a sense this film is the kind of thing the movies do best; in another sense it is the sort of thing they seldom do at all. It has dash, vigor, the fascination of strange, deep and meaningful devices; but it carries a sting, it has several things to say about the lives of men, without benefit of a happy ending. The story is about a group of flyers, sticking together since the War, now in the airmail business. One is already broken, feeble in the head from having flown through a tree. One is Stuart Erwin as Texas, a veteran flyer, plodding, good-hearted, the comedy interest. One is the chief of the airport, Pat O'Brien. ("Get them feet moving—what are we, flying a lot of box-kites?") The fourth is James Cagney as Dizzy Davis, a brash lovable fool and crack pilot, romantic as anything and the women can't leave him alone until, sooner or later in each case, he takes care of that matter for them.

The mere situation always has a strong and instant appeal: devil-may-care and shoulder-to-shoulder, and the life of danger we all would plunge into gladly, if we could get off our tails long enough and if it weren't so pesky dangerous. But although the early scenes—scrapes, reunions, the frictions and jollities of life at the airport—proceed lightly, with sly and witty competence and nice sentiment, there is soon indication that life is not all horseplay and kisses. Dizzy seems to have got tangled up with too many people's women, and with too many easy commitments. His friend Texas, duped into taking Dizzy's run, crashes; the Washington inspector lifts Dizzy's license for good, and he gets told off bitterly from several quarters. His friends and his flying have been his life, which now falls about his ears completely; and so he sneaks his last plane off the ground in suicide weather.

Outside of a few too-mellow lines on the life of action, none of this is wrong either as a whole or in details. The story moves along at a good clean pace, there is much snap to the lines and plenty of authentic color. Some of the scenes build up a high dramatic pressure, thanks partly to the story, partly to its background of curious instruments and procedures; but mostly to its acting and direction. There is an intricate art by which the line of feeling is kept uppermost and rising in the midst of a staccato din of commands, interjections, screams, speakers, plane-motors, tickers, sometimes as many as five or six voices going all the time, so that the crash of Erwin, coming in too low in the fog and blowing up on the wires, careening across the field on fire and smashing into the glass windows of the hangar, is a terrific bit of action. And there is a good simplicity and rightness to the last sequence—Dizzy, with the ice too thick on his wings and going into a spin, speaking a word for his chief and beloved friend, still ordering him profanely back to the field: "Don't be mad at me, baby," he says just before he hits; and O'Brien goes dully back to his routine, ordering out the crash truck, etc., listening to the monotone of the loudspeaker: "Temperature, 30 degrees; wind, etc., etc.; visibility, zero; ceiling, zero."

The dramatic high points of this story are mostly in the [illegible] on those below, an effect made solid particularly by the work of Cagney and O'Brien. Cagney especially plays his best part here with fine feeling and wisdom, at last given a chance to fill out his own screen character—which is as tough and bright and endearing as life—with the other half of the story, which is the effect these irresistible happy-go-luckies invariably have on those who get left with the bag, and how, if they are true, decent chaps, it catches up with them in the end; and he does it beautifully.

But this is not all Hollywood's doing: outside of a few vivid seconds of fire, speed and explosion, a few conventional shots of planes in the fog, flyers at the stick, people at the phone, the film is still a stage play with one main and two subsidiary sets. The flyers, the chief, the big shot, the salesman, the mechanics, together with their wives, girls and other troubles, have to bring their lines and their crises into the control room, either personally, by radio or by phone. It speaks very highly for the original stage play that the lack of diversity is not felt, that the whole thing was built right, constructed and tested under pressure at the start, so that it makes one of the very rare pieces to be transferred bodily to the screen as a good movie.

"The Story of Louis Pasteur" is a picture which holds one—with the insistence of its theme, with the dignity and competence of the title role (Paul Muni) and of many small parts and situations—but which continually disappoints with a wasting of its substance, with a transmission of the feeling that whatever has been gained, too much has been lost, that what should be vital and arresting has been made hollow and dull, that we hereby are tendered something that is bright and stagey for something out of life.

The first criticism is that the story is undramatic, that Pasteur's conflict is either against intangible, non-screenable forces, or against the solemn beards of the academy, who are too overdrawn, dull and fatuous for a good fight. And the second criticism is one of overdrawing in general: Pasteur is too good and meek, his wife is too patient and sugary; Donald Woods as the assistant is Donald Woods, which is to say, damn; and the decent sentiment of the family scenes is so invariable as to be tiresome.

Most of the fault, that is, seems to lie in the story and dialogue, plus the way story and dialogue were in several instances invested in weak screen characters, plus the way William Dieterle as director did little to repair this. Dieterle's genius shows in the nimble (slightly formalized) arrangement of the introductory scenes and the details of his scenic construction, which is sometimes sweeping and lovely. Where he seems to be at a loss is in the handling of people, of tempering even a bad line with some special flair for pace and modulation—so that riding in a carriage and opening the front door, announcing a miracle or saying "I am at your service, sir," all come through stiffly, with all the best intentions in the world but just that lack of illusion which makes the difference between good and moving theatre (cf. the movie "Arrowsmith") and your daily paper. Coming from the same company that made "Ceiling Zero" and the newer "Petrified Forest" (another beautiful transfer from stage to screen, of which more later), the Pasteur film is an apt reminder that if the movies are good this is enough [illegible]

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CORRESPONDENCE

Ways to War

SIR: Mr. Frederick L. Schuman's review "War and Peace" [The New Republic, January 15] is cynical, crabbed and warped. Is he beating the drum for a new war to make the world safe for democracy? He asserts that only fools will compromise with fascism for the sake of peace. Set me down a fool! War is the enemy, and organized butchery brings neither peace nor democracy.

Sneering at Tomlinson and Thomas, he affirms that people in liberal regimes already know that war is hell. On the contrary only a minority realize this fact. Many Americans say openly that the country needs another war—and no one proposes to go to hell to find prosperity. To our organized patriots war is not hell but social prestige and professional advantage. War is glory to many. Witness the captured cannon and the statues that clutter up our parks and surround our public buildings. Our "liberal regime" is now leading in the armaments race. And no gun has been invented that fires only in self-defense. . . .

Despite a brilliant mind and admirable energy, Mr. Schuman renders no service to peace by attacking his own comrades. Mars is a many-headed monster and the assault must be pressed on different fronts.

Potsdam, N. Y. NORBORNE HARRIS CROWELL.

Our Archaic Patent System

SIR: Among all our political institutions the Patent System is one of the oldest, or least changed fundamentally, most accepted and respected; yet it is falling fast into decay, quite out of touch with modern conditions, decreasingly resorted to, as can be readily proved, and most in need of fundamental reform. It is so universally believed that inventors are crowding more and more to the patent office, that when The New York Times editorially quoted my "Sociology of Invention," as statistically proving that the tendency to patent inventions in America has been declining for half a century, many wrote letters in protest, largely patent lawyers who liked the idea least of all. Yet it was easy to prove—patents have only kept pace with population growth, whereas industrialism, technical education and such conditions, which increase patenting today, have greatly grown since 1885. Why patenting tends to decline, the world over, is too long a story to tell here.

At last some people in high places are proposing to do something about adapting this decadent patent system to modern needs. The American Economic Foundation started a protest against monopolistic patent pools, such as completely dominate the radio, phonograph, shoe-machinery and several other industries. By amassing hundreds of patents, most of them trivial, inferior or indefensible in court, but jointly fortifying an impregnable position, a corporation or cartel may obtain a permanent monopoly on a whole industry, instead of the seventeen-year ownership of single inventions which the law envisages. The House of Representatives' Patents Committee, Dr. Sirovich chairman, has just been looking into these pools. It has a special appropriation from Congress, and important proposals from it are expected to be discussed shortly. Dr. Sirovich has announced far-reaching plans.

Patent pools are not the only things that need attention—the vast losses patents occasion through quarrels over the ownership of ideas, most difficult to define, name the author of, and defend, and losses through skulduggery, secrecy, the taxation of novelty through royalties, or the withholding of novelties, while the old methods go free; the waste of misdirected invention and the failure of patents to reward the majority of the useful inventing, especially the basic, path-breaking kind. All these evils could be greatly diminished, I think, by a constitutional plan of granting patents on more favorable terms if assigned to semi-public trade associations, which would soon come to be the American owners and makers of all the good inventions, and permit and encourage them among all members who needed them. Such associations without paying dues. The all-inclusive associations proposed would resemble N.R.A. ones but have no price-fixing or supply-limiting functions, and would be safely based on the constitutional patent powers of Congress. I have explained the plan in my book and in the December Journal of the Patent Office Society.

Chicago, Ill. S. C. GILFILLAN.

Easier to Bellyache

SIR: Bruce Bliven ended the last article of his series about the West on a loud, clear, timely note, when he expressed astonishment that "Americans do not stand up on their feet and build on this continent a civilization worthy of these bridges [across San Francisco Bay] tossing their steely lace into the sky." No: it's easier for them to bellyache; especially the gentry who should be leading them to do it, to some of whom Filene of Boston paid his respects on Saturday evening, December 21, over the radio.

New York City. ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

George Lansing of San Francisco calls attention to the fact that the minimum sentence of the eight young people convicted under the California criminal-syndicalism act last year at Sacramento will soon be up and it will then be in the power of the State Parole Board to fix the minimum sentence at one year—already served—and thus free the prisoners. He quotes an editorial in The San Francisco News saying that "The whole case was a scandalous abuse of judicial process to suppress agitation for better wages and conditions among agricultural workers." Mr. Lansing says that the personnel of the Parole Board is predominantly conservative and asks sympathizers to write to the California State Parole Board, Kohl Building, San Francisco, urging the Board to fix the minimum sentence at one year.

R. B. Sweet of Santa Barbara, California, thinks that the recent flight of the Lindberghs from America has greater significance than the fortunes of this one family. He says there is so much of bombast and imbecility in current American life that great numbers of intellectual and sensitive people would like to flee if they had any favorable opportunity and thinks that this amounts to a severe indictment of our civilization.

Mr. Basil de Selincourt informs us that he is preparing for publication a collection of the letters of the late Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. de Selincourt) and would greatly appreciate it if persons having any such letters would sent them to him at Far End, Kingham, Oxon, England. Mr. de Selincourt promises to take good care of the letters while in his possession and will have them copied and return the originals promptly.

Relief committees to care for victims of silicosis at Gauley Bridge, West Virginia, have been set up in that town and in New York City. The committees are trying to bring all possible light to bear on this industrial tragedy and will attempt to build safeguards against similar occurrences in the future. Sympathizers are asked to send food and clothing to the People's Press Gauley Bridge Relief Committee, Gauley Bridge, West Virginia, and funds to Dr. W. J. Schieffelin, Gauley Bridge Committee, 245 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Members of the faculty of the College in the Hills, recently established at Herod in the coal-mining district of Hardin County, Illinois, tell us that their purpose is to bring farmer, worker, miner, intellectual and middle class into one cultural-economic People's Front. Students have built their own living quarters and classrooms, and sympathizers are asked to send magazines, books and money to the College in the Hills, Herod, Illinois.

The League of Women Shoppers in New York City is rallying public attention to the support of the workers now carrying on strikes against the Cushman chain of bakeries and the May department store in Brooklyn. They offer to supply stickers and

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Anatomy of the Mask

IN THIS book[1] the author "makes clear what propaganda really is, upon what principles it is based, and how one may recognize it in its false-face." Readers of such a magazine as The New Republic will find little that is new in its general tenor. Its value for them will be less in its message *per se* than in its systematization of this message. Mr. Doob has patiently worked out some "principles of propaganda"; he has assembled representative case histories that illustrate these principles; and he has detailed the many communicative channels open to organizations that specialize in the manipulation of our minds. In particular his volume corroborates by precise evidence the radicals' assertion that partisanship inevitably lurks behind much of the avowedly "impartial." And we are helped to see how, even in the humble task of getting people to buy a brand of coffee, the copy-writer may serve to reshape or reaffirm important social and political attitudes.

One cannot talk about propaganda without first talking about something else. At the time of Aristotle, propaganda would obviously have been treated under the heading of "rhetoric," the art of persuading people by the use of symbols. But though the formal devices of rhetoric can be discussed in themselves, the problem quickly shades off into the field of politics—and politics, as handled today, quickly shades off into such fields as economics, psychology and sociology. For this reason, the study of rhetoric seems to me as quick an entrance to the modern scene as one can get. Hence the importance of a twentieth-century rhetoric, which centers in propaganda and advertising, that is, in the selling of goods and attitudes (the connecting link between propaganda and advertising usually being called "good-will advertising").

The relation between rhetoric and environment can be illustrated quickly enough: People necessarily develop patterns of production and distribution. Out of these patterns, "values" arise. In so far as people would maintain the productive pattern, for instance, traits that are felt to assist in the maintenance of the pattern are considered virtues, and traits that are felt to disrupt the pattern are considered vices. Thus, the great amount of sales enterprise necessary to keep the factories running in America tended to reinforce the ideal of the breezy, get-ahead live wire—and the shut-in, pessimistic, knock-don't-boost type was resented as uncoöperative.

Once such values are established, the artist "exploits" them. He can make a character that appeals to people, for instance, by endowing him with the live-wire characteristics, and by so shaping his plot that such characteristics triumph. Conversely, he can picture a knock-don't-boost type as villain—or perhaps he may appeal by having this type see the light in the end, and reform like Scrooge into a boost-don't-knock type. There is thus a tendency to establish a vicious circle: the productive pattern gives rise to values which the artist exploits—and in exploiting them, he helps to reinforce their authority.

Propaganda, as an "applied art," works by this same process. The propagandist wants to recommend Item A (be Item A a brand of soap, a war, a political philosophy, what you will). And he does so by identifying it with some value, or attitude, that already enjoys prestige in the productive pattern. Thus, since science now enjoys prestige, because technology is so important to our productive pattern, we find advocates as different as Dr. Dewey and a toothpaste firm recommending their products under the aegis of science. When God enjoyed prestige, you might have best sold soap by suggesting that cleanliness is next to godliness. When necking enjoys prestige, you might better sell your soap by suggesting that body odors are an obstacle to necking. The author notes the workings of "suggestion" in the technique of our neo-sophists, the propagandists. But I think that the process of suggestion itself could have been analyzed in turn. The power of suggestion could be considered as a kind of implied syllogism, that gains its strength through being implicit rather than explicit. When a toothpaste advertiser attempts to recommend his product by printing a picture of the package along with the picture of a scientist in a laboratory holding up a test-tube, we might reduce the appeal to a bastardized form of argument, such as: "You trust science; this article is scientific; therefore you should trust this article." But inasmuch as the syllogism is merely implied, the reader approaches it "creatively." He is involved as an ally, made a participant in the formation of the message. He is invited to tell himself something, precisely because the writer of the advertisement has not completed the statement. It is as though the advertisement were to count up to *six*, and the reader, getting the cue, "creatively" proceeds to supply *seven*.

The simplest act of propaganda, an argument performed purely by mimesis, is perhaps the baby-kissing of the politician. The implicit argument here, which you are invited to grasp intuitively (with the explicitly syllogistic left out), might run somewhat like this: "You are uncertain about my future conduct in office; but you feel that the love of babies indicates a love of mankind; my baby-kissing makes it obvious that I love babies; therefore I love mankind; we try to do right by those we love; since I am a lover of mankind, and you are members of mankind, I mean to do right by you." Such arguments are more effective when approached "creatively" rather than "critically."

Bentham, enraged at the use of "question-begging terms" (with their implicit assumptions) that formed the basis of rhetoric, wanted to invent a technique for eliminating them completely. And he did manage to provide devices whereby we could counteract many of their ravages. But he himself, at the same time, was a skilled rhetorician—and in the end, his impartial method is found to have been merely a more subtilized form of partiality. Thus, I think there is greater justice in Mr. Doob's position, where he recognizes that, without propaganda, action is impossible—the issue then becoming "Which Propaganda?"

I do wish, however, that Mr. Doob had paid more attention to the specifically linguistic and formal aspects of his subject. He says: "The aim of the writer is to enable the reader to grasp propaganda in such a way that he will be able to understand the phenomenon in all its various manifestations. The weapon selected to achieve this goal has been social psychology." But a complete discussion would also require the consideration of [illegible]

[1] Propaganda: Its Psychology and Technique, by Leonard W[illegible]

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line with writings by men like Ogden, Richards, Sapir, Malinowsky. It is surprising that even Veblen does not figure here, despite the high comedy in his analysis of "creative psychiatry" and the bands of "economic mercenaries" hired to fight the trade battles of rival commercialists. Too often the author turns to pedestrian sources, so that his book is diffuse, exhaustive rather than sharp.

Yet the reader should be grateful for having so much assembled in one place. Out of it all, one gets a very disturbing picture. How can we ever be wise, when wisdom is a very difficult matter at best, and in addition we are systematically beset by so many apostles of untruth and half-truth as he describes? Only if the "road to excess leads to the palace of wisdom" dare we hope that the people will become sophisticated enough to see through the maze of trickery to which they are subjected. Not merely that, by surfeit, the appetite may sicken and so die —but rather as the man who applied for a job as proofreader, giving as his main qualification the fact that, since he has made all possible errors in proofreading, he knew what to look out for. Can we learn by being fooled often enough? Or is it permanently as impossible to anticipate fraud in propaganda as it is impossible to anticipate fraud in law (where a new fraud takes its shape precisely from the laws written to stop an old fraud)? An earlier age used to smile at the confusions of Mrs. Malaprop. Reading this volume, we are invited rather to tremble at the confusions of Mr. Malapropaganda.

KENNETH BURKE.

The New England Animal

The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

IT IS surely a choice piece of irony that "The Last Puritan," the most nearly satisfactory analysis, in fiction, of the New England character, should have been written by a Catholic and a Latin. But perhaps, just the same, there is nothing surprising in it—perhaps Santayana's unique opportunity for a vision that should be at once detached and kindly, lay precisely in these accidents of difference. If the American has the advantage over the European that he can *become* European, the European has—and more often uses!—the same advantage over the American. During his years at Harvard, first as undergraduate and then as a professor of Philosophy, it is now obvious that Santayana "became" a New Englander, in the sense of realizing what it was to *be* one, more accurately and consciously than any other novelist of New England manners one can think of. James touched on this ground repeatedly, it is true, and saw it as itself a theme of the first importance, notably in some of the short stories: but he never got round to working it exhaustively. Santayana has worked it exhaustively—the thing is done, for good and all. "The Last Puritan" is as complete, in its way, as that New England autobiography of which it is the perfect companion-piece: "The Education of Henry Adams."

Adams described New Englanders as "sane and steady men, well balanced, educated, and free from meanness or intrigue—men whom one liked to act with, and who, whether graduates or not, bore the stamp of Harvard College . . . as a rule, the New Englander's strength was his poise, which almost amounted to a defeat. He offered no more target for love than for hate; he attracted as little as he repelled: even as a machine, his motion seemed never with a miracle of tenderness, Santayana proceeds to destroy. His little twentieth-century Henry Adams, a bundle of inhibitions, an incarnated sense of duty, a skeptical awareness of which perhaps the first principle is an inherited fatigue, combined with that strangest of all paradoxes, a democratic sense of *noblesse oblige*—this unhappy creature serves only too admirably as the personification of the principles—or should we say obsessions—which Santayana so urbanely and cunningly attacked in his "Skepticism and Animal Faith": the esurient negativism, the denial of life itself, implicit in any complete transcendentalism. It is as if he said, "This kind of self-destructive soul-searching and skepticism and conscientiousness can only grow in a moral atmosphere such as this, and from a thin soil like this." And it is as if he added, "It is a kind of uprooted refinement of which the inevitable ends are sterility and death." His Oliver Alden, born tired, child of a loveless and joyless marriage, austere, self-controlled, beautifully schooled and regimented, was doomed to remain a mere spectator in life, incapable of contact or immersion, incapable of animal faith. He might, and did, *will* a contact or immersion: but only to perceive at once, with tragic clearness, that this was by no means the same thing. "He convinced himself, on puritan grounds, that it was wrong to be a puritan. . . . Thought it his clear duty to give puritanism up, but couldn't." Once dedicated to the vision, there was somehow no surrendering it, no possibility of finding any adequate substitute.

It may be objected that Santayana has a little unnecessarily loaded the dice against his tragic young man, made his inheritance, the congenital predicament, too complete. One hardly needs, in order to account for Oliver, the opium-fiend neurasthenic father, and perhaps the whole background is a shade overdrawn. But to this the answer is that Santayana has made the father, like every other character in the book, astonishingly and delightfully real. The process is leisurely, little or nothing happens, as in life itself things seldom seem to arrange themselves in scenes or dramatic actions; but if it is all placid and uneventful it is also everywhere vivid and rich and true. Unashamedly old-fashioned in its method, and in its quiet thoroughness, "The Last Puritan" makes the average contemporary novel, even the best, look two-dimensional by contrast. It has the solidity of a "Tom Jones" or "Clarissa Harlowe," does for the New England scene, or a part of it, what those novels did for eighteenth-century England, and with the same air of easy classic completeness. Nor is it quite fair, either, to call it old-fashioned: for Santayana's employment of a kind of soliloquy-dialogue is an extremely interesting invention technically, and very skillfully done.

But the whole book is a delight, so richly packed with perceptions and wisdoms and humors, not to mention poetry, that it can be read and reread for its texture alone. It might be of himself that Santayana speaks when he says: "The odds and ends of learning stuck pleasantly in his mind, like the adventures of a Gil Blas or a Casanova; it was the little events, the glimpses of old life, like the cadences of old poetry, that had the savor of truth. Perhaps there were no great events: a great event was a name for our ignorance of the little events which composed it." Or again: "To him the little episodes painted in the corners were often the best of the picture: they revealed the true tastes of the artist and the unspoken parts of life." "The Last Puritan" is full of such intriguing corners—perhaps inevitably, since it is the work of the kindliest of

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Lord Chancellor, Communist and Saint

Thomas More, by R. W. Chambers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 416 pages. $3.75.

FOUR HUNDRED years ago—on July 6, 1535—Thomas More, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, laid down his head on the block because he would not renounce the supremacy of the Pope in matters of religion. Many were the victims of Henry VIII, churchmen and laymen, poets and statesmen, simple monks, famous scholars and patrons of the New Learning, but not one of them has held the attention and won the admiration of posterity like the author of the "Utopia." Readers of J. R. Green's history may recall the loving sketch of the man to be found there:

> The keen irregular face, the gray restless eye, the thin mobile lips, the tumbled brown hair, the careless gait and dress, as they remain stamped on the canvas of Holbein, picture the inner soul of the man, his vivacity, his restless, all-devouring intellect, his keen and even reckless wit, the kindly, half-sad humor that drew its strange veil of laughter and tears over the deep, tender reverence of the soul within.

Superficially considered, his life presents many strange contrasts, even contradictions. He was one of the foremost scholars of the age, an intimate friend of Erasmus, the first great writer of English prose and the initiator of English historical writing; but he was also a highly successful man of affairs, of whom the merchants of London could say that he was "a special lover and friend in the businesses and causes of this city." Yet this friend and representative of rich merchants, this lawyer, judge, administrator, diplomat and statesman, cared nothing for wealth and power in an age in which self-aggrandizement was fast becoming the prime motive in the actions of men. He entered the King's service unwillingly, and he resigned the highest office under the King for reasons of conscience. A firm believer in monarchy (though a hater of tyranny), he was the first to picture a commonwealth in which all men, and women too, were free and equal, owned all things in common and shared equally in the obligation to work. He was a severe critic of the shortcomings and abuses of the Church, he even translated from the Latin a life of Pico della Mirandola, the Italian humanist, who was in some respects a pronounced heretic; yet he was a foremost opponent of the Lutheran Reformation. Nor was his hatred of the Reformation confined to its Lutheran form, which was dominated by the princes; he also denounced the Anabaptists, who represented its popular extreme left wing, for their religious heresies as well as for their communism: a spectacle no less disconcerting than that of George Sand turning against the Paris Commune of 1871, or of Karl Kautsky railing at the Soviet.

Of course, what biographers have spoken of as the "enigma" of More's life can be resolved, mainly though not entirely, in terms of the beliefs and aspirations, problems and conflicts of the age he lived in. (I say not entirely, for there is always a residue of individual trait and character that can be explained by no method or theory at present available.) It was early in the sixteenth century that there began that rapid and violent transition from the medieval to the modern which did not [illegible] century. In his book on More, which was first published in 1890 and can now be had in an English translation, Kautsky drew the grand outlines of that age in its economics and politics and class conflicts, in its Catholicism and its humanism, presented its special characteristics in England, and traced the influence of all these factors—intellectual, economic, social, religious—in More's career. In particular, his analysis of the "Utopia" has nowhere else been approached.

Professor Chambers is acquainted with Kautsky's book, but his aim and method are entirely different. He is concerned less with the sociology of the age than with the special situation of England, and above all with More's own role in that situation. His charmingly written book is rich in historical and biographical detail. It casts many sidelights on English history; in particular, it offers much information concerning the fortunes of humanism in England. It dwells on the devastating effects of the English Reformation, in the intellectual sphere no less than in the economic. It is a vindication of the scholar and statesman who strove to preserve the old order because he foresaw the wreckage that would follow from its violent overthrow—the religious wars, between the nations and within each nation, and the proletarization of the masses.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Mary Webb's Novels

Precious Bane, Gone to Earth, The Golden Arrow: three novels by Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3 each.

THESE three novels of Mary Webb deserve the beautiful dress the publishers have given them. They are among the classics of that regional fiction which Thomas Hardy developed in Wessex, Sheila Kaye-Smith in Sussex and Eden Phillpotts in Dartmoor. Mary Meredith took Shropshire on the border of Wales as her province. She was born there in 1881, the daughter of a clergyman, and lived near Shrewsbury until her death in 1927. She married Henry Webb, a schoolmaster who became a market gardener. With a background of culture, she tended to fix her experience more and more in the land and people of which she was a part. She gave to her work the authenticity of the peasant, and the charm of the artist. As one reads, the landscape becomes familiar in its marked features: God's Little Mountain, the Callow, Hunters' Spinney. It is a strange country, seen under an eerie light, lending itself readily to a reading of mystery and marvel. The inhabitants are in harmony with nature. Limited in intercourse with the outer world, they preserve an ancient religion permeated with the survivals of a natural paganism, under the influence of which grow characters as curiously formed as the landscape.

"Precious Bane" is a powerful handling of superstition molding the characters of two diverse beings, Gideon and Prudence Sarn. "Gone to Earth" is a lovely portrait of a girl who bears to her death the author's protest against the wanton destruction of animal life. "The Golden Arrow" is less striking in its elements, but more perfect in their fusion. The novels are introduced with appropriate comment by the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, John Buchan and Gilbert Chesterton. The illustrations, chiefly woodcuts, by Rowland Hilder and Norman Hemple, vividly reinforce the atmosphere of the stories. So far as the physical, pictorial and critical setting is concerned.

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Pepys in Manhattan

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys, by F.P.A. (Franklin P. Adams). New York: Simon and Schuster. 2 vols. 1,305 pages. $6.

1936. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1.

SO HOME by three o'clock from a New Year's Eve party, very sedate, but fell to reading "The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," by Mr. F. Adams the columnist, and continued at it that day, and the next, and the day thereafter, not stopping for drink nor meat neither, except a strawberry pasty; and I was warmed and delighted by this chronicle of Mr. P, the eminent frosted-chocolate tippler, riding his velocipede down the ages, with a sign upon his back blazoned FIAT COLUMELLA, RUAT COELUM, and he all the while playing "He loves! If in the bygone years" from "Iolanthe," very sweet too, on his harmonica. And he hath a brave new surtout for his voyage to posterity, nor do I doubt he will make such voyage, for he hath paid his passage with as firm and true and lively a setting down of the wits and gulls and bloods and panjandrums and pretty minxes of his time, what they ate, and how accoutred, and what japery or wisdom they did, as ever I saw; and these two volumes, 1,305 pages, 3,406 entries through the years 1911-1917 and 1919-1934, 1,312 footnotes, together with an index of near 2,000 items, were as fair copy as a proofreader ever galloped over, though the name of J. Rosamund Johnson be not spelled as Mr. P. writ it. But Lord! thought I, this man is more honor and ornament to his craft than it ever deserved of him, and his wit doth surmount all the fashions in wit, and he hath a noble eye for a belle under full sail, and as critic without portfolio his catholick glance hath appraised every sport and art, and everyone in them, from Indian Meyer to T. Wolfe, justly too, on the whole. And he maketh matters which occurred when I was an unlicked cub seem as fresh as those I have remembrance of. But though I am yet unlicked, and mighty humble thereby, I do wish Mr. P could take more delight in poets such as Mr. Spender and Mr. Gregory, for that in certain ages true poetry, and the other arts too, can preserve themselves only by eclecticism; nor do I like what seem to me to be many editorial emotions, such as "a great sadness" at the death of Mr. Harding. But Lord! I do think that for fear of his own softness and dislike of being put upon, he but plays the curmudgeon and the zany and the tightfist, dissembling thereby that kindness which comes out of a deep, essential love for humanity; and whoso doubteth this should read his word on Sacco and Vanzetti, and for his outspokenness in it, the entry of May 2, 1926. And of this man's integrity, and of the worth of it, I have no doubt soever.

VINCENT MCHUGH.

Bucket of Blood

Royal Purple, by Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 387 pages. $2.50.

MRS. Harding appears to specialize in butchered royalty. Her first novel, "Phantom Crown," was a story of Maximilian and Carlotta of Mexico. Now she tackles King Alexander Obrenovitch and Queen Draga of Serbia, who were murdered in the Belgrade Palace in 1903 also had a directing hand in the Sarajevo assassinations and who, two years after that, was unjustly executed as an organizer of a plot on the life of Regent Alexander Karageorgevitch, who subsequently became King of Jugoslavia and was assassinated at Marseilles in 1934.

The Belgrade regicide episode was gory business and the author deals with it fairly well within the awful limitations of a maudlin horror yarn. She has, of course, full right to prefer slain kings and queens as her material; but if one sits down to write a Serbian historical novel, Draga and Alexander Obrenovitch are not the best possible characters around whom to write it. Apis himself is far more significant. With him, one could wade in some of the most important bloody streams of not only Balkan but world history. Also, when one decides to write a Serbian historical novel, one would do well to learn something of the Serbian people and the motives of such seeming criminals as Apis, and thus possibly discover that Serbian history is suitable material for Greek tragedies.

LOUIS ADAMIC.

A Hope for Poetry

Theory of Flight, by Muriel Rukeyser. New Haven: Yale University Press. 86 pages. $2.

"THEORY OF FLIGHT" is the thirty-fourth volume to be published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. For many years this series was noted chiefly for its lack of interesting discovery, but in 1934, through publication of James Agee's "Permit Me Voyage," its good intentions at last became commensurate with actual performance. The series has repeated this recent success by issuing Muriel Rukeyser's first book, the work of a twenty-one-year-old poet who has earned her right to be discussed in that category which is usually reserved for three young Englishmen: W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis.

With them she shares the consciousness of a post-war world where peace has never been resolved and where economic warfare in civilian life seems but a prelude to armed conflict between nations. Her work is built upon a succession of war images. The first poem in the book, "Poem Out of Childhood," recalls the memory of the World War:

> Prinzip's year bore us: see us turning at breast
> quietly while the air throbs over Sarajevo.

In the college classroom came the image "Not Sappho, Sacco." All this, however, is not to say that her work is an echo of the poetry written by the young English group; its influence and events stem from an American and urban environment, one where the names of Sacco, Vanzetti, Scottsboro, Atlanta, Chattanooga, San Quentin, Herndon, Charleston, Kitty Hawk, contain explicit meaning. Her long poem, "Theory of Flight," is for the most part an articulate translation of machine images into poetry; and may be regarded as a logical development of a technique that was brilliantly exhibited in the poetry of Hart Crane.

To those who still fear that the present decade in American poetry lacks vitality and mature craftsmanship, I recommend Miss Rukeyser's "Poem Out of Childhood," "Song for Dead Children," the Trial section in "Theory of Flight" and "Cats and a Cock." It is significant that Miss Rukeyser's work has a leftward orientation, for the new poetry, like the new novel, derives much of its strength

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Rukeyser's work has been associated with the best of the younger poets who have appeared in Dynamo, The Partisan Review and the recent collection edited by Ann Winslow, "Trial Balances." Her first book fully justifies the promise that was revealed in the publication of its fragments. If there is a hope for poetry in contemporary England, the work of James Agee and Muriel Rukeyser has also made it plain that the same hope is beginning to exist in America. HORACE GREGORY.

Man Shall Not Live

What Does American Mean? by Alexander Meiklejohn. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 271 pages. $3.

NO WORDS occur more often in this almost passionate plea for a working idealism than "sensitiveness" and "intelligence." Dr. Meiklejohn possesses both to a degree to make his work provocative even to political reformers. To them he says in effect, "Even if you succeed in your material reforms in feeding, clothing and housing the whole American people, even if you establish social justice, you will still have left unsolved the problem basic to all freedom—the development of human beings whose qualities will excite admiration by the very force of their striving for excellence."

Dr. Meiklejohn's confession of personal faith and ideals is a protest against the materialism both of capitalism and of current Marxism. He discounts or dismisses outer material values. He holds aloft those inner qualities of personal and social living to be nurtured alone in a liberty transcending politics. He pleads for social and personal judgments gauged by what is "admirable" or "contemptible."

Dr. Meiklejohn will be dismissed by tough-minded realists as an excursionist into social ethics who succeeds only in arriving at mystical abstractions. But despite an atmosphere above the vulgar battle, Dr. Meiklejohn reveals a lively understanding of the political alternatives ahead on the road to a fertile liberty of mind, spirit and character. Confronted with choices, he takes the road to socialism and even consents—though very reluctantly—to face the class struggle. On this he says:

> The method of class warfare seems to me bad because it is so terribly ineffectual and self-defeating. If, as a temporary measure, it would give results, if, as a form of surgery, it would remove evils which defy our ordinary ways of caring for the social order, I would, whatever the immediate cost, accept it. But, even as surgery, it is a dangerous expedient. It cuts at the very heart of our social progress. It destroys what it seems to cure.

When he comes down to specific reforms for America, he champions revolutionary change in education much in the terms of his experimental college at the University of Wisconsin—an attempt to create "a society in which every member is in process of education for the highest forms of behavior of which he is capable." He champions socialization of all the means of communication and education—press, radio, stage and motion pictures. He opposes capitalism on moral grounds, "revolting as a form of human behavior and unsuited to the purposes of a democracy."

Dr. Meiklejohn's fusion of an ardent philosophy of creative liberty with a somewhat regretful socialism leaves a large area untouched. He has no answer to the two compelling questions of our time: How are enriched by a number of eminently readable human-

that community of liberty where these high qualities flourish? *By what means,* if a classless world is to be created and humanity is to take charge of its own directed destiny?

Dr. Meiklejohn puts his goal so far ahead of the process of getting there that he leaves "practical" folks panting in the rear. How much of what he seeks can be cultivated in the hurly-burly of conflict and transition is a question every idealist has had to ask. And most of them, unlike Dr. Meiklejohn, have concluded that the release of the inner spirit waits upon the outer bread, upon justice and security. The inseparable condition of any general "excellence" is economic justice. But we may be grateful to be reminded by so sensitive and searching a plea that no battle for freedom can be won *merely* by rearrangements of power or a redistribution of wealth. ROGER BALDWIN.

Books in Brief

Abyssinia and Italy, issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London. New York: The Oxford University Press. 48 pages, 2 maps. 75 cents.

THIS IS an admirable account of the relations of Ethiopia with the European powers up to the moment the Blackshirts crossed its frontiers. It should be read by all guileless citizens who see the present war as a conflict betwen righteousness, exemplified by the beautiful Captain Eden, and evil, represented by the dish-faced Duce. The documents here honestly quoted show that Ethiopia has been under European dominance for at least thirty years, and that, if world opinion and the League succeed in curtailing Mussolini's ambitions, the result will be merely to increase the grip of England on the west and south of the country, and that of France on the north. They show further that if Mussolini had not been struck by his not-very-close resemblance to Augustus Caesar, and had been willing to pursue his ends by quiet negotiation with England and France, he would have obtained perhaps a third of Ethiopia without risk to his regime. "Abyssinia and Italy" takes note of the savage and incomprehensible ways of the tribes in Ethiopia's interior, but they can hardly be more savage and incomprehensible than those of the tribes of Europe. J. M.

Negro Politicians: The Rise of Negro Politicians in Chicago, by Harold F. Gosnell. The University of Chicago Press. 435 pages. $3.50.

In his preface Professor Gosnell states that the purpose of the present volume is to "describe in realistic fashion the struggle of a minority group to advance its status by political methods" and also "to examine dispassionately some of the beliefs held by white people regarding the civic consciousness of Negroes." In the attempt to carry out these purposes, considerable space is given to the careers of several different types of Negro political leaders, to their relation to their followers and to the white machine politicians. The relation of the Negro church and the Negro underworld to politics, the problems of Negro teachers, post-office employees and other civil servants, the pattern imposed on their lives by prejudice and the occasional exceptions in which such prejudice has been triumphantly overcome, are adequately and understandingly handled, and these studies

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in terms of benefits to the Negro group, Professor Gosnell finds that these benefits, while not adequate, have still been considerable. Chicago was chosen as the scene of this study because, politically, it was the most highly developed Negro community in the country. And the study shows clearly that such a community inevitably enjoys far greater advantages than any which has not developed some political power. M. G.

Science: a New Outline, by J. W. N. Sullivan. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 300 pages, illustrated. $2.

Mr. Sullivan covers the usual ground, from the Universe to Man with the persuasive skill of a born popularizer. Of information and fact there is more than enough for the lay reader. Of philosophy there is just enough to hold the easy chapters together. Of anything new there is nothing at all. H. W.

Contributors

FERDINAND LUNDBERG was on the financial staff of The New York Herald Tribune from 1927 to 1934. He is now a free-lance writer on public affairs.

KENNETH PATCHEN's first volume of poetry, "Before the Brave," was published this week by Random House. His work has also appeared in anthologies and magazines. At present a resident of New York City, he was born in Ohio twenty-four years ago.

MIKHAIL ZOSCHENKO, one of the most popular of the younger writers in the Soviet Union, is the author of "Russia Laughs," a volume of short stories published in this country last fall by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of a collection of short stories, "White Oxen," a volume of criticism, "Counterstatement," a novel, "Towards a Better Life" and a long essay, published by New Republic in its series of Dollar Books, "Permanence and Change."

CONRAD AIKEN's most recent book is a novel, "King Coffin," published by Scribner's. He is now living in England.

HERMAN SIMPSON was formerly an editor of the Socialist daily, The New York Call.

VINCENT MCHUGH is the author of a novel, "Sing Before Breakfast." He lives in Rhode Island.

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle," and "Native's Return," was born in Jugoslavia and as a youth emigrated to America, where he worked as a laborer and served in the American army.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of several volumes of verse, the most recent of which is "Chorus for Survival." He is a member of the English faculty at Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville, New York.

ROGER BALDWIN is director of the American Civil Liberties Union and is active in campaigns against war and fascism.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Jonathan Mitchell, Martha Gruening and Harold Ward.

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